*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

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# Apéritif

## *Writ, No Doubt, in Water*

WE realize that for most people this is a season of morbid introspection, remorse and other gloomy states of mind that go with making resolutions for the new year, but with us it is worse, worse than ever before.

The truth is, despite our old vow to be constructive, that in this drear wintry light our achievements seem shamefully petty. Worse yet, there is a gnawing, unreasonable doubt in our minds that we have any effectual plans for human welfare. Nothing would please us more than to declare war on some obstacle to progress, start a great and righteous crusade — but what obstacle, what crusade?

It seems to our weary selves that all have been taken over, that everything vulnerable has been attacked and everything worthy advocated; that there remain for us only trivial things, beneath our thunderbolts of wrath or the mighty leverage of our favor. But wait! Might it not, after all, be better to destroy these lesser foes of man than to struggle hopelessly with vast, invincible ones like death, Volsteadism and feminist movements? They are legion: knees in pants, umbrellas, disrespect for ghosts, speech-makers, ticking clocks, backgammon, Graham MacNamee . . . Trifling in themselves, but in the aggregate who knows how joy-destroying?

One we should delight in wiping out is economic slogans. "Buy now," "Pay bills promptly," "Save," say the economists, and the result will be prosperity, a fat goose hung high. The buying is to encourage production and give jobs to the unemployed; the prompt payment to hasten circulation of money, which, in effect, is to increase its quantity; the saving to ensure us an income in old age and prevent our being a burden on society. And the joke that they expect us to do not one of these things at a time, as (with some of us) is possible; nor two, which is fairly unlikely; but all three, which of course is fantastic.

Our intention every time hereafter that we see one of the first two of these slogans is to act on it: sit down and write a check. Then when the bank asks us to cover our overdraft cry: "Oh, no! We have to save, too, you know."

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## *Objection*

A couple of months ago Sir Herbert Austin, propagator of Tom Thumb automobiles, made a suggestion which escaped our eye at the time. It was to the effect that contemporary taxicabs be replaced by ones built along the lines of old-fashioned hansoms, with the engine at the rear and the driver sitting up behind the passengers. Sir Herbert's idea was that such a vehicle could be handled much more easily in traffic than present ones, and that getting in and out would be greatly simplified for its passengers by the fact that it could drive up perpendicularly to the curb and let them alight forward, as though leaving a house door.

If Sir Herbert had been in some of the taxis we have lately, he might have qualified this simile about leaving a house door. There is more than one way of doing it, and some would discourage us. Furthermore, what about the nerves of these passengers? They have three or four feet of hood and a driver now to cringe behind, and live but a short span. What if they had to ride up face to face with death utterly defenseless? No, Sir Herbert, this world is hard enough.

## *Thalia into Whale*

Probably it was with the idea of trying out our hand at dramatic criticism that we went with Emma to the theatre, but be that as it may, we did go. Even if the illusion were torn, there is still the solace of looking forward to a Congressional Medal, somewhere around 1942.

Anyhow, being a whale and therefore somewhat Elizabethan herself, Emma insisted on seeing Jane Cowl in *Twelfth Night*. This seemed like good taste and we approved, not remembering the vehement way Elizabethans are said to have expressed their opinion of plays. But it was called to our mind, never fear. A mental picture of a bull in a China shop will give some hint of her quiet moments, and almost any metropolitan hospital will furnish details of those when she was really enjoying herself — as, for instance, when Sir Toby Belch excused his drunkenness on the score of being a politician. There was no denying she liked it. Not even the injured doubted that. And Mr. Macgowan, when he came out between acts to ask for the audience's opinion on his and Miss Cowl's scheme for a repertory, saw it so readily that we feared he would give up on the spot. To be successful, the repertory had to have the same spectators return again and again, and it seemed hardly just with Emma one of them.

Then, under the mistaken impression that its antiquity would have a good effect on her behavior, we went to *Lysistrata*. Needless to say, this was even worse than Shakespeare. The juxtaposition of women and soldiers is never very likely to curry favor with Dr. John Haynes Holmes, but from what we saw it suits Emma better than all aquatic sports put together. It was really disgraceful. Weak with bawdy laughter, she would scream and roll about gleefully, like a Juggernaut. Naturally it ended with our being put out, though without our influence (this is where the medal

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comes in) Mr. Mulrooney's stalwart bluecoats never would have succeeded. In an age of diminutives Emma is an anachronism of startling proportions.

"Do you know what I think?" she said later. "Those Grecian women looked more like Vassar girls running around in night gowns. And if you come right down to it, talked a lot like them, too."

## *Dr. Wilson, That's All*

ONE of the very few things for which we have patted ourselves on the back during our three or four months in these columns is an abstention from Prohibition as a topic. But it strikes us now as unfair to withhold certain gems of wisdom, logic and humor that reach us through the medium of Dr. Clarence True Wilson's *Clipsheet*, because it is directed only at editors and these might never else see light of day.

Consequently, we append hereafter quotations, in their pristine state; first, of answers by Dr. Wilson himself to questions put him by *The Cincinnati Post:*

"The question of drinking has nothing to do with Prohibition, any more than it has to do with the tariff . . . A man can be a perfectly conscientious Prohibitionist who is drunk every day."

"We (drys) are never going to surrender. Our spirit could well be copied by the wets."

Then of an acute political logic, evidenced elsewhere in the publication:

" . . . in Ohio the election of Mr. George White, a staunch Dry, as Governor on the same ticket with Mr. Bulkley, new wet Senator from that State, indicates clearly that the majority of Ohioans are still dry."

And finally, of a mellow Latinity good to behold in this day and age: in a quotation of Mr. Arthur Briggs: "*Eheu! Gufaces —*"

## *A Modest Mystery*

THOUGH Thornton Wilder has never published any poetry, he has, like most novelists, written some; and one such effort, we hear, had to do with that grand old subject of poesy, Childe Roland. In fact, *Childe Roland* may have been its title, though it matters very little here. The point is that Mr. Wilder was writing a poem and somebody found out about it. That in itself is something, for Mr. Wilder is not one to talk much about his work: there are few people who have ever heard him do so. For that matter, there are hardly any who even heard of him before publication of *The Cabala;* and it was before publication of *The Cabala* that the present instance took place.

At any rate, the person who found out about Childe Roland was a joker in his way. He saw a chance for some clean fun in his discovery and took it. He made a list of bookshops — of bookshops in Chicago, bookshops in Los Angeles, in Kansas City and Oswego. He made quite a list of bookshops everywhere, and then sat himself down and ordered a copy of *Childe Roland* by Thornton Wilder (A. and C. Boni) from each of them. A few weeks later, in the Boni offices, there was genteel confusion.

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You can picture it. Mr. A. Boni looks at Mr. C. Boni. "Say," begins Mr. A. Boni, "are we bringing out a *Childe Roland* now?"

"Search me," retorts Mr. C. Boni, glancing over Mr. A. Boni's shoulder at the sixtieth order. "Maybe."

"I thought the Wilder item was to be a novel," says Mr. A. Boni, a trifle uncertain still, but willing to be pleasant about it.

At this point the mail man enters and deposits a dozen more orders from as many cardinal literary points on Mr. C. Boni's desk. "Well . . ." says Mr. C. Boni, after a moment's pregnant silence.

More silence.

Then suddenly Mr. A. Boni leaps from his chair, grabs Mr. C. Boni around the waist, and goes dancing about the office with him. "I have it!" he cries. "I have it! We'll ask the author!"

So they did ask the author; and right here our story ends. For only the Messrs. Boni and Wilder can tell what happened then, and they, so far as we know, never have.

*Time vs. Senator*

"I HAVE a story for you," said Emma, and we sat down.

"Senator Jones who wrote that famous 'five-and-ten' law, is one of the worst golf fiends in Congress. He and Representative Oliver of Alabama appear on the first tee winter and summer at five o'clock in the morning — sometimes have to wait around till dawn for light enough to drive off. Naturally, this means that the Senator is in bed long before any one else in Washington — before some of his colleagues have their first cocktail.

"Well, one evening he went to bed early as usual, smacking his lips at the thought of the morning's game, fell asleep, and at the first buzz of his alarm bounced up out of bed. Hastily pulling on golf togs, he hurried out to the corner and looked up and down for a trolley. None was in sight. Neither were any of the milk wagons so familiar to his early morning jaunts. Only darkness, flickering street lights and a car full of carousers, who jeered at the knicker-clad Senator under his arc light.

"Minutes passed. Slowly into his heart crept suspicion. Then a clock struck in a nearby church and he listened eagerly. But there was nothing more: the one stroke and then silence.

"Sadly he turned his face toward home, hugging the dark places, hiding as well as he could his golf sticks. Four hours more of sleep. Then back on the corner at five."

W. A. D.

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# The Cigarette in Europe's Powder House

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

*Are We on the Brink of Another Catastrophe?*

One noon last September, while the League of Nations' Assembly sat in session, the Geneva correspondent of a German newspaper was called on the telephone from Berlin. The connection was poor, but there came through to him a phrase sufficient to knock the receiver from his suddenly palsied hand.

"My God!" he gasped to his neighbors in the press-room. "I've just received terrible news: a Belgrade student has assassinated the Italian Ambassador to Yugoslavia!"

Within fifteen minutes, that "news" had whispered its way all over the Assembly's floor. To be sure, it proved false some hours later; the Berlin friend had been trying merely to tell of a film-play he had sold — a play the plot of which hinged on such an assassination. But the incident's significant feature was this: nearly everybody accepted the rumor without investigation — nearly everybody in a vast hall filled by generally incredulous journalists and usually cautious politicians.

There is no better place to feel Europe's pulse than Geneva during an Assembly session. This pulse has rarely fluttered more alarmingly than during the session of last autumn. Its palpitation inhibited the League. Although one of the longest drawn-out of Assemblies, that of 1930 either postponed or passed over practically every important item on its bulky agenda.

"The most stifling fog of pessimism I have ever breathed," said delegate Dr. Stephen Osusky, who is also Czechoslovak Minister to Paris.

He expressed a general opinion. After twenty-five days, the delegates adjourned until next September. Perhaps, to paraphrase,

> Nothing accomplished, nothing done,
> Has earned a year's repose.

But will the wage be paid? Many political experts think not; many diplomats fear not. They point to: (1) The increasing demands for revision of the treaties that ended the World War and reconsideration of the war-debts; (2) Mussolini's

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bellicose orations and the sequential removal from power of the moderatists in his party; (3) The correlative results of Germany's autumnal elections; (4) The consequent delay of progress toward disarmament.

Consider these matters more or less in their chronological order:

EXCEPT Woodrow Wilson, the *hysteron-proteron* among post-war treaty-makers, nobody dreamed that there would lack ultimate manœuvres toward the treaties' overhauling, and, when the defeated nations had recovered breath, manœuvres were indeed begun in due and ancient form. One event, however, surpassed all vision of the astutest seers: the astonishing endorsement those demands received from a certain nation among the war's too many victors.

Italy had gained wide territory through the treaties, yet had missed what she considered her share of the mandate melon. During the negotiations for the Versailles document, several backward lands were parcelled out to war-winners to be held as "a sacred trust of civilization." Unfortunately, at the time this division occurred, Italy was absent, her delegates having taken their dolls home because of a quarrel over Fiume. Consequently, she was overlooked.

Then arose the extraordinary phenomenon of Benito Mussolini, giving his country not only power but also the pride that goes therewith. She wanted a mandate; she wanted certain concessions from France in Northern Africa; she wanted a big navy. No matter if she didn't have the money to carry on these encumbrances: she wanted them.

Last winter, at the London Naval Conference, Italy demanded naval parity with France. France replied that this was impossible, since such parity would necessitate so much French tonnage in the Mediterranean — where the Italian navy virtually lives — as to leave France in an inferior position *vis-à-vis* those other waters which France has to patrol or protect. Thereupon France and Italy departed from the conference, leaving the United States, Great Britain and Japan to hold the bag.

THE next move was obviously Italy's, and Mussolini made it. He delivered his series of Kaiseresque speeches about machine guns being better than peace talk — and then launched a bold bid for alliance with Germany, a practical resumption of Bismarck's Triple Alliance. He announced his conviction that the post-war treaties ought to be revised. Certainly, if treaty revision came, he would not want it to touch an inch of the soil which his own country had acquired; certainly, nevertheless, he did, for excellent nationalistic reasons, want to worry France.

It was in this troubled atmosphere that the September Assembly of the League of Nations met. Two potentially momentous negotiations nevertheless proceeded — albeit somewhat hesitatingly — at Geneva. The one was outside, but beside, the League; the other shrank, perhaps, too far within it.

As to the former: accredited representatives of France after all were talking with accredited representatives of Italy about the possibility of some sort of mutual reductions in

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their nations' navies, whereby they might both become thoroughgoing parties to the London Naval Agreement, like the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

As to the latter set of negotiations: through certain committee-convolutions, the League Assembly was scheduled diffidently to approach its tenth annual endeavor for summoning a world conference on disarmament — or armament reduction — or the limitation of armaments to their present elevation, anyhow.

THE League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission, created as long ago as 1925 to formulate such a conference, had adjourned in the spring of 1929, until the five great Naval Powers could approach an understanding; but now the London Conference had brought this about as among at least three of these powers. If the pending Franco-Italian conversations got anywhere, the P.D.C.'s adjournment ought to end.

Why shouldn't the League Assembly resolve that the P.D.C. meet in November, 1930, and call that world conference for sometime early in 1931? Well, because, before any resolution could be passed, things began to happen in Italy and Germany.

Italy: Dino Grandi, Mussolini's Minister of Foreign Affairs, had come to Geneva, where the official *Liste des Délégués et Membres des Délégations* described him as head of the Italian delegation to the Assembly. After a mysterious communication with Rome, he left Switzerland for Italy in a swift and nocturnal automobile, ere yet that Assembly was in slow motion.

Italy's Geneva representatives remained headless save for Professor Vittoria Scialoja, an able lawyer, but so out of touch with the Duce that his very presence on the delegation was interpreted as an expression of Mussolini's disregard for the League. In like manner, his country's naval negotiators found themselves unable to secure their accustomed daily instructions from Rome: they were told to wait.

ON LEADEN feet, the big news followed. Fascism is the Italian Government. The Fascist Party is Fascism. Of course under Mussolini, the director of Fascism is the Secretary-General of the Fascist Party. This post had lately come into the haphazard keeping of Augusto Turati, who proved himself decidedly a moderatist — as Fascists go. Now he "resigned." More: his place Mussolini gave to Giovanni Battista Giuriati, not so ruthless as the Farinacci extremists, but one of the party's strongest "Strong Men."

Germany: With such events possible in the Italian sphere, the spread of Hitlerism became inevitable in the Reich. Financially and industrially, the Germans were desperately pressed; unemployment had increased to an alarming degree, and all economic ills were attributed to the post-war treaties. Those autumnal German elections demonstrated on the one hand a perilous growth of super-Nationalism, of Communism on the other.

Communism's punatory programme is already fatally familiar; that of the German Fascists under Adolf Hitler soon will be. Immediately important is its inclusion of

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chloral for the treaties, for the Young Plan hydrocyanic acid. Said Hitler:

> We refuse to recognize as of permanent duration the treaties concluded over the German people's heads. . . . We will try to abrogate or revise them by diplomatic negotiations, and, if these do not succeed, we will ignore or circumvent them — by legal means, if possible; if impossible, by means illegal. . . .
>
> If our movement wins, we shall set up a people's tribunal before which the criminals of 1918 (the German politicians responsible for the treaties) will expiate their crimes. I sincerely prophesy that then you'll see heads rolling in the sand!

THUS both German Communism and German Fascism threaten revolution, and, in existing Germany, revolution threatens war. Moreover, death for the Young Plan should carry destruction for the entire reparations organism, never precisely robust. The German compromise Government got its majority in the Reichstag, but an insecure majority and one decidedly not unfavorable to treaty revision and reparations readjustment. Action and reaction being opposite and equal in the realm of politics as well as in that of physics, French Nationalism logically leaped high.

At Geneva, the Franco-Italian naval conversations became inaudible — ceased altogether. The Italians have since said that the Quai d'Orsay put its foot down; the French have responded that the Italians made impossible demands.

Nor could disarmament be expected to fare much better. Supported by Italy, Count Bernstorff, for Germany, insisted that the Preparatory Disarmament Commission be instructed to fix a definite date, early in 1931, for the world disarmament conference. He received his answer when Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Affairs Minister, mounted the Assembly's tribune.

M. BRIAND'S star was by no means at the zenith at home. He had removed the French troops from German soil and was blamed for the subsequent Hitlerism. He wanted to become President of France, but so did Nationalistic ex-President Raymond Poincaré, and Briand's nominal chief, Premier André Tardieu, was holding confidential meetings with Poincaré. Coincidently, Briand had only denied in general terms the text of an astounding interview which he was alleged to have given the representatives of a half-dozen women's international peace organizations: it credited him with hinting a willingness to postpone German reparations payments!

The time had come for him to lean backward: he leaned so far that he nearly fell. Shaking an admonitory forefinger at Dr. Julius Curtius, Germany's Foreign Affairs Minister, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs cited the Reich elections and said:

> All is not perfect in Europe. There are elements of inquietude! . . . Only the other day, I was uttering here words of conciliation and collaboration — but what was the reply thereto? From the (German) ballot-box arose cries of hate and death!
>
> Am I to shut my ears to those cries? Should I not heed such phenomena, when those politicians directly affected (the existing German Government) were themselves obliged to confess the trouble and take precautions? Should not those nations who may be menaced in the future (France and her allies) call the attention of those who

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have nothing to fear as to what is really happening?

In a word, he announced that France, thus threatened, will not consider any further arms retrenchments until she shall have been given specific pacts guaranteeing her security: pacts now non-existent and with small promise of coming into being.

That was the frankest speech ever delivered before a League of Nations Assembly; it was therefore the most effective. The German proposal collapsed. The Preparatory Disarmament Commission was summoned to meet in November, but it was not instructed to call the world conference.

"Our general economic situation," Mussolini admitted in October, "has grown worse during the past year." There are signs in the southern heavens indicative of the Duce's inability to control, should he want to, the imperialism of that Frankenstein's monster which — partly for good, partly for ill — he has constructed. Yugoslavs, alleged fomenters of revolt, are butchered at Trieste, while a powerful Yugoslav army and navy — excellent men with excellent material, France's friends — look angrily on, across the narrow Adriatic.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Germany's foremost financier, former president of the Reichsbank, urges amelioration of the Young Plan. All his country cries out for treaty revision, with Mussolini playing an accompaniment — talks of denouncing the Versailles Treaty if the war-victorious nations do not disarm in compliance with the Teutonic interpretation of its spirit. Communism grows from the North Sea to Germany's southernmost border — and beyond; Hitlerism grows even faster — and, according to M. Briand, there will be 4,000,000 persons out of work in the Reich before the present winter has ended.

President Hoover reluctantly but publicly admits it: "Nearly half the globe is in a state of great unrest." The bankers of Switzerland tell friends how Swiss banks' coffers are swelling with more and more money sent for deposit in that still neutral confederacy by large numbers of the remaining rich individuals of Italy, Germany and France.

"The most stifling fog of pessimism I have ever breathed," said that Czechoslovak diplomat.

Is it any wonder?

"Nobody," say the optimists, "has the money to make war."

Another diplomatist replied: "I seem to have heard the same thing said in the summer of 1914."

"But nobody has the men to make war."

"Nobody will need many men for use in the chemical air-warfare of tomorrow."

For what it is worth, my own belief is that we shall reach next spring with only a revolution or two in Europe, but that care will be necessary. Undoubtedly there is a super-abundance of both spiritual and material powder lying loose around the continent, and an abnormal number of cigarettes being smoked in its neighborhood. What hope exists is enshrined in the fact that the smokers realize this condition and are correspondingly careful of their red ashes.

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# Raskob

By Robert Cruise McManus

*While Others Talk, He Pays the Bills*

Under the microscope the Democratic landslide which political writers hastened to proclaim in the early editions last Election night appears not quite so mighty a movement as we had been led to suppose. Control of the House of Representatives, it seems, rests upon the melancholy contingency as to whether the mortality rate can be induced to go Democratic or Republican before next December's session, while the Senate is very likely to go on as at present, with the Republicans organizing the committees and the Democratic-Progressive coalition running things whenever and however it sees fit — that is, if the Democrats don't grow too cautious in their anxiety to convince the country that they are "fundamentally sound." The net gain of fifty-two Representatives was twenty-three less than that amassed by the minority party as recently as 1922, while the overturn of seven Republican Senators is made less impressive if we recall that two of these were Insurgents as hostile to the present Administration as any member of the formally constituted Opposition. There was, it is true, a substantial increase in the number of Democratic Governors throughout the States, but even New York, which gave Franklin Roosevelt the astounding plurality of three-quarters of a million, saddled the Executive once more with a Republican Legislature and returned every one of its Republican Congressmen to Washington.

The true significance of the election lies a bit deeper. It lies in the fact that the minority made any kind of showing at all, after those doleful predictions which were still being made less than two years ago, that the Democracy was licked for keeps and the time had come to start looking under the bed or somewhere for a third party. It lies in the fact that victory came in those wet and populous centres where the new Democratic leadership sought to establish itself in 1928. It lies in the fact that John J. Raskob, the political greenhorn, the Catholic Wet whose selection as National Democratic Chairman by Governor Smith was looked on once as such a grievous blunder, remains unshakably in command as the agent of this new leadership, with the ranks of his cohorts growing daily more numerous behind

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him. This is a nice quiet job that he has done, this man who was so recently being hooted at by the press for his political ineptitude and then virtually ignored because of the mistaken belief that he had given up and handed over the reins to his subordinates, and not the least of its features is the skill with which he hoodwinked the reporters by staying out of sight and giving the bitterness, aroused in some quarters by his activities, time to die down. Some of the journalists are not aware of his presence yet.

I HAPPENED to be among those newspapermen whose duty it was to confer almost daily with the chairman during the campaign of 1928, and I can testify at first hand to the general misconception of Mr. Raskob's character which has prevailed from that time up to this very moment.

Fresh from Wall Street, "Johnny," as they refer to him in the financial district, was one of the outstanding heroes of the bull market, the man who had made eighty millionaires in the General Motors Company in five years, who had moved the whole list of securities to a new base by his dictum that a blue chip stock should sell at fifteen times its corporation's earnings instead of the old-fashioned ten. In those days of the New Era his name stood in gold letters ten feet high in every one's mind, and as I look back now it seems to me that we had vaguely prepared ourselves to meet some kind of Titan.

Our Titan turned out to be a timid little fellow with a high forehead and wide visionary eyes, who spoke in so low a tone as to be scarcely audible. Surrounded by the picturesque and self-appreciative individuals who brighten the atmosphere of a political headquarters during a national encounter, it was difficult to see him at all. There was even a story that one of these individuals mistook him for a workman as Mr. Raskob passed through the halls one day in his shirt-sleeves. So we forgot the Wall Street myth and permitted ourselves to grow fond of him only in a rather patronizing way, and when he trustingly reported to us day after day that there was very good news from Pennsylvania (which later went for Hoover by a million votes) we began to wink and kick one another under the table.

MR. RASKOB had never even voted in a primary up to that time, had cast his ballot for Coolidge in 1924, and was listed in *Who's Who* as a Republican. The only affiliation that he had with the Democracy was his loyal friendship for Al Smith, and when the Governor selected him as chairman the move was interpreted as an indication of Smith's endeavor to head off the opposition's prosperity propaganda and reassure big business that the last vestige of Bryanism had disappeared from the economics of the Democratic Party. But the man from General Motors, who has never resigned from the vice-presidency of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment though it promotes the candidacy of any Wet, Republican or Democrat, seemed to consider that he had an additional mission. Thrusting aside the traditional rôle of the chairman, who is supposed to reconcile rather than exaggerate in-

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tra-party differences, he lined up uncompromisingly beside his wet chieftain and snatched at every opportunity to take a fling at the cause of Prohibition.

"The Republican Party," he said once, when denying a statement that there was a difference between Republican and Democratic tariff planks, "is reduced to one issue. It has become the party of the Drys."

Democrats like Governor Dan Moody of Texas (which went for Hoover eventually) began to holler. Prohibitionists of the stripe of Bishop Cannon linked the names of Smith and Raskob in phrases of hatred, and all over the South the old time Bryanites, who saw their party being wrested away from them by this rough-voiced, hard-hitting New Yorker and his henchman, rose in opposition. The result we all know, for on Election Day the Smith ticket thundered to defeat and the Solid South cracked wide open.

At this distance we can survey that "disaster" in its proper perspective. In the face of the dryness of Democracy's Southern wing, and despite the political inertia and aversion to change of a country enjoying the greatest prosperity the world had ever known, Governor Smith had almost doubled the popular vote given to John W. Davis in 1924, halved Davis's percentage of defeat, and come within a few thousand of winning more ballots than any *victorious* candidate save the one who beat him. In the populous industrial States, whose electoral votes weigh so heavily in the total, his gains ranged from a 900,000 reduction in the 1924 Republican majority in New York to victory in Massachusetts. He had given the party the first real leadership it had had in nearly ten years, and had labored monstrously during the few weeks of the campaign to stamp it with a recognizable programme. In this situation those in control had the choice of handing the Democracy back to the long-haired, black-hatted statesmen from Dixie who in their most solid condition can produce an electoral vote only about the size of that in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois combined, or of hanging on and seeking to add to the gains already made. They hung on, and the man who hung on tightest was Johnny Raskob, the timid little fellow whom we newspapermen, in the profundity of our wisdom, had pitied so.

But all this was not apparent in the early days of 1929, as the Republicans gathered triumphantly to celebrate the inauguration of Mr. Hoover, and on every lip the word was heard that "Raskob is going to resign." He didn't, though. Stung by the crushing defeat of Governor Smith, the little financier, who had never been associated with a failure, saw it only as a challenge to victory in the future. So he set out to rebuild, and the first thing that came to his mind for the accomplishment of this purpose was the establishment of a central Washington headquarters where the party organization could function day after day instead of only four months every four years. Such a suggestion had been made many times before, but John J. Raskob, the ex-Republican, was the first one to find money enough to put it into practice.

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In those dark days his ability to fill the war chest was almost his only source of strength. During the campaign he had collected, contributed personally and spent more money than the poverty-stricken Democrats had ever seen before, and after it was over even the most idealistic of the practical politicians realized that Raskob was the one man to attack the $800,000 deficit left on the books.

So the invitations went out to a dinner installing Jouett Shouse, the universally popular Missourian, as boss of the newly installed headquarters. They were received with little enthusiasm. Even some of those wholly in sympathy with the headquarters idea thought that the party should be allowed to lick its scars in the dark a while longer before it was hauled out to be mauled by the press all over again. Southerners saw in the move a reassertion of the chairman's authority, and lined up with the ill-mannered Senator Blease of South Carolina, who snarled out: "This is no time to parade Raskob." But when the newspapers began playing up the story that the Dixie statesmen were planning to boycott the dinner and the Republicans, fresh from the inauguration, laughed openly at the hopelessly divided enemy, there was a sudden change of sentiment and a rush to attend. At the dinner Mr. Raskob took occasion to deny his intention of resigning, left Mr. Shouse in the limelight, and slipped away into obscurity, where he has remained, whittling away at the debt and letting people believe that his job had been delegated to another.

From that day onward the attention of the press was turned toward Shouse and his assistant, Charles F. Michelson, while the little financier up in New York was dismissed with an amused paragraph. Shouse, said the dispatches, was restoring harmony, getting the "Hoovercrats" back into the party, assuring the nation that Governor Smith would not run again "because he realizes he can never be elected." Michelson, the most lusty and effective newspaperman ever lured into the publicity game for $25,000 per annum, was even made the hero of a magazine article for the skill with which he repeatedly torpedoed the Republican dreadnought. But nobody ever discerned the hand of Raskob. He was just "the fellow who puts up the dough," in spite of a trail of events which seemed to lead inevitably to the chairman's door.

In Virginia, Bishop Cannon, seeking to continue his control against the assaults of the Democratic regulars led by Glass, Swanson and Byrd, raised the cry of "Raskobism" in the Gubernatorial campaign and put a coalition candidate into the field. He was badly whipped and the State returned to the leadership of those who had stood by the Smith-Raskob combination in 1928. In South Carolina, Cole Blease, who had been sent to Washington time after time, was defeated for renomination. In Alabama, Heflin, the strident and bigoted foe of everyone remotely connected with Governor Smith, was forced out of the party and defeated when he ran as an independent. And in North Carolina, Furnifold Simmons, a former national committeeman and one of the

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most powerful Democrats in the Senate even after his desertion of the Smith ticket in 1928, was chopped down in the primaries on a clean-cut issue of party loyalty.

If all this is evidence that Mr. Raskob has been sitting meekly by in New York while Harmonizer Shouse slapped backs indiscriminately in Washington, then a December blizzard is indicative of approaching spring.

Meanwhile, as the party was being consolidated from within, external circumstances were conspiring to strengthen it from without.

THE stock market collapsed and the Republican prosperity myth, in which so many voters had believed, was torn to ribbons. The Farm Board made its ill-starred attempt to stop the falling price of wheat, and the eight-year wrangle between the farmers and the Government grew more acute, spurred by the notion that agriculture did not get what was promised it in the tariff bill.

The anti-Prohibition trend, a rebound from the Smith reversal, began to roll forward with amazing speed as *The Literary Digest* poll, the unpopularity of the Wickersham Commission, the Senatorial candidacy of Dwight Morrow and a dozen other portents fired vote-counting statesmen from one end of the country to the other with a desire to demonstrate their liquid tendencies. In the midst of all this the Republicans were dividing among themselves in the manner formerly supposed to be traditionally Democratic, and Claudius Huston, since deposed as national chairman, was coolly refusing to leave his post in spite of revelations which put him in an extremely bad light before the entire country.

At last Election Day came. The wet Democracy, led by a Senatorial candidate, James Hamilton Lewis, buried normally Republican Illinois under an avalanche. It sent Robert Bulkley to the Senate from Ohio, home of Republican Presidents and birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League. It made a Senator out of Marcus Coolidge in Massachusetts, and re-elected Franklin D. Roosevelt Governor of New York by 750,000 votes, twice the plurality rolled up by Governor Smith in 1922 when he set a Democratic record!

New York, Illinois, Ohio and Massachusetts, whose electoral votes total so much, went Democratic behind men opposed to the cause of Prohibition. The walls against which the New Yorker had stormed at Madison Square Garden in 1924 were at last falling. The strongest men were winning the fight and the chances of the party being the out-and-out champion of the anti-Prohibitionists in 1932 seemed good enough to put anybody's money on.

At this point one of the newshawks had an inspiration. Surveying the revival of the once-crushed minority, he referred with fulsome praise to the work of an individual described as "canny, soft-spoken little Raskob."

Just two years before the man who wrote that phrase would have been laughed out of Washington.

NOW it is not by any means my contention that the chairman of the Democratic Party has reached a position of authority similar to that occupied by the colonel of a pre-war

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Prussian regiment. It must be remembered that most of the leading Democrats in Congress are still Southerners, and if the Administration's opponents succeed in organizing either or both Houses next winter we shall find control of many of the important committees in the hands of gentlemen from Dixie. Even since the triumph in November there have been acid protests from Senator Glass and others of almost equal importance against the "apology" for victory the party leaders gave when they disavowed obstructionist tendencies and promised to "coöperate" with the Republicans for the general good. (This, by the way, looks like a bad tactical move, for if the coöperation becomes a fact the Republicans will be able to claim more credit for the return of prosperity, while a failure to coöperate will lay the Opposition open to charges of broken faith.) There might still be the seeds of a major political upheaval in this sectional disaffection, especially if the Republicans go dry in 1932.

WHAT is insisted upon, however, is that during Raskob's chairmanship the once battered and incoherent Democracy is moving faster and faster toward the assumption of that positive character which Americans complain their political organizations too seldom possess. Under Raskob such gains have been made that if the Democrats do lose four or five Southern States again they are likely to get Republican territory like New York, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut instead. This is what Smith and Raskob fought for in 1928, and to assume that the fight has continued successfully after being abandoned by its instigators is absurd.

But even in the face of all this external evidence it is difficult, without betraying a confidence, to put one's finger on Mr. Raskob. Like the fellow who made the tackle, he is always at the bottom of the pile, out of sight of the grand stand. There is an amazing lack of good stories about him.

WE CAN, however, say this, that the original journalistic impression of his character was wholly wrong. Men who have done business with him behind closed doors, where there are no flashlights popping, say that he is stubborn to the point of immovability, that he is impatient of criticism, that he never forgets an injury and that he is always the boss of anything he undertakes. Though he may delegate the details to a subordinate, he always keeps an eye on the machinery and insists upon results. Under promise that his identity be concealed, a veteran politician was finally induced to confess the following:

"During the past two years Raskob has either put his okay on every major move that Jouett Shouse has made, or else suggested it himself in the first place."

So, by his works we are learning to know him. The obscurity which he slipped into two years ago for the sake of "harmony" is gradually dissolving, but he can better afford to show himself now, for he is piloting a winner.

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# Pinchot's Programme

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

*The first and only post Election statement made by the winning candidate in Pennsylvania's gubernatorial race*

"Well, hello, Clyde! I've just tied up George, hard and fast, under bond, and if I can get you, we'll be all set."

A long-legged man in a light suit with a knit tie, a white mustache and complexion and eyes that belied the whiteness, had stepped out into the hotel corridor to meet us.

"Get me for what?" my companion asked.

Gifford Pinchot, the long-legged man, reached forward. He took the speaker by the coat lapels, lifted him to tiptoe, set him down again and then seized him by the arm.

"We're going to get in an automobile," he explained, "sometime next Wednesday, and we're just going South, without any plan, and enjoy ourselves."

About this time someone introduced me. My face must have registered astonishment.

I had never met Gifford Pinchot, and publicity about and against him had previsioned a sort of cross between the Ancient Mariner and Don Quixote. This man's eye was possessed of a fixation power, as I was to learn in the next forty minutes, but there was nothing reminiscent, nothing old-mannish about it. At sixty-five years of age, entitled to reaction and fatigue after winning the bitterest political fight in the history of a bitterly political State, he had the aspect of a schoolboy about to set out for a lark. There is nothing forced about this impression of youth. It is a composite of poise and eagerness, and is genuine. Zest is the keynote of the man.

The Ancient Mariner simile died right there. The Don Quixote followed it shortly. Pinchot does not talk about ideals. He takes his own, and the hearer's, for granted, and discusses only how to cause the needed good thing to happen.

We passed on into the room.

I could not help thinking about the odds this candidate had overcome. The Vare machine in Philadelphia had so hated him that a normal Republican majority of 300,000 in that city had been reversed to a Democratic majority of 225,000. Scores of wealthy men, rightly or wrongly, had considered him a menace to business and, breaking through party lines, wet and dry lines, old

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associations and ties, had formed State and county committees to warn everybody with a dollar not to vote for this crusading millionaire who talked utility regulation, old age pensions, miners' rights and other heresies. In addition to the gang politicians and the aroused rich, the rising tide of Wet sentiment had been counted on as the final avalanche that would sweep Pinchot, a militant Dry, into oblivion. All he had had to fight were Republicans, Democrats, the moneyed and the thirsty.

I asked what seemed to him the real significance of the election result.

"THE new freedom of the electorate," he answered. "Or, to use a phrase that I used in the campaign, the triumph of the uncontrolled vote over the controlled — indeed, the coerced — vote.

"In 1912 gang rule in politics was so powerful in the nation that even Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest leader we have had in my lifetime, could not, with all his popularity, persuade a majority to vote other than as they were told. The result in Pennsylvania this time has been a complete vindication of the passionate conviction Mr. Roosevelt held, the conviction that gang rule at the polls could some day be broken. A start had to be made, nationally, and he made it.

"You may have noticed that in New Jersey and in New York, two States similar in many of their political aspects, the results from party standpoints were diametrically opposite. There is an increasing percentage in our voting population who base their election day decisions on men and issues and who will not accept tags, nor be corralled nor herded. The task in hand is to free the remainder of the electorate from the complete coercion that exists in some places, including Philadelphia."

"Just what do you mean by a coerced vote?" I asked.

"I MEAN exactly what I say," he said. "If you own the magistrates in a town and the police in a town to the extent where you can have a man's son arrested, framed and convicted if the father does not vote right, that is coercion. If you can, and do, make a man's job, his credit, his peace with his landlord and his social standing with his neighbors all utterly dependent upon how he votes, and if you then tell him how to vote, that is coercion.

"More than one man who voted for me in Philadelphia (and these same men had listened faithfully all their lives to talk of party regularity, until such time as it pleased their bosses to throw party regularity out the window) has come to me and said, 'If you had not been elected Governor, I would have been run out of my home and had to leave the city.' That is what I mean by coercion."

I was about to ask him how he intended to stop this, but he suddenly smiled, a wide straight smile under the white mustache.

"You must make a distinction," he said, "between what I think of Philadelphia gang politicians and what I think of the good people of Philadelphia, including a great many who did not — and literally could not — vote for me.

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"I am going straight ahead with the programme that I promised for Philadelphia. It includes pure water; State action toward the relief of unemployment and in all labor crises including strikes; the right to consolidate the city and county government in the interests of economy and efficiency; the equalization of real estate assessments; the development of the port of Philadelphia; additional high speed transit; the abolition of fees and commissions for county officers and the institution of fair salaries instead; the end of the mandamus evil, and the reduction of the eight cent trolley fare."

I ASKED what the two items on his State-wide programme were which he considered of the highest value.

"The honest control of public utilities," he said, "and provision for fair elections."

"I notice you put the utility topic first," I commented. "I shall ask you in a minute why you place this above everything else. In the meantime, something specific as to method. You propose to displace the present Public Service Commission appointed by the Governor and to substitute for it a Fair Rate Board elected directly by the people. What guaranty do you have, what is the theory of protection, that will assure any sort of stability for this board? How do you propose to prevent this Fair Rate creation of yours from becoming pure demagoguery? What will keep the men on the board from voting entirely with the next election in view — that is, what is to keep them from reducing rates as a political gesture to a point which may help them personally but will eventually mean a crippling of service and destruction of efficiency in this vital necessity of the people? Why should elected rate fixers be expected to understand and consider economic inescapabilities?"

"I COULD dodge that question," he replied, "by a very simple answer. We elect judges in Pennsylvania. If we can trust our people to elect a judiciary, why can we not trust them to choose men competent to strike a fair balance between the necessities of public utilities as investments and the right of the people to adequate service at fair rates?

"However, I shall not dodge the question. Nothing could be any worse than the situation as it is. As things are now, everything is against the people. The present method is simple. It is to secure the appointment on the Public Service Commission of men who will help the utilities to do whatever they please. The result is that the utilities regulate the Commission instead of being regulated by it. Gang politics, backed by big money and financed 'legally' by the award of cost-plus contracts, has just taken a severe blow in Pennsylvania, but it is not dead.

"What we can fairly hope for under a system of direct election of a Fair Rate Board, displacing the present Public Service Commission, is that a majority of the members of the board will have some interest in the rights of the people. Don't waste any tears on the poor utility corporations. They will look after themselves, and if they don't, the courts will.

"Let us not forget that public

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utilities derive their so-called rights entirely through grant from the people. The privilege of supplying the inhabitants of a community with basic necessities is not a God-given right or acquirable in any way except through the people's permission."

I asked for the facts on which he based his precedence of the utility question above other matters of public issue.

"I CAN tell you very simply," Pinchot said. "The public utilities are usually not satisfied with the enormous advantages given to them in return for their own agreement to furnish good service at moderate rates. They are not satisfied with the political skullduggery by which they completely control those rates and which amounts to taking everything they can get from the public and giving the public as little as they can in return.

"Some go farther. They collect the excessive rates accorded them by their controlled Public Service Commissions on vast sums of money that never were put into the business at all. For example, a company in New York would buy for $250,000 an electric plant in Pennsylvania which was worth, let us say, $100,000, but the minutes of the purchasing company would show falsely that the plant purchased was worth $500,000. Thereupon the New York concern would issue half a million dollars of additional stock and would proceed to charge rates which would return seven to eight per cent on $400,000 of pure water.

"The public utilities of America are collecting today from the people of this country something over $300,000,000 a year in excess charges above and beyond a reasonable return on the money actually invested. This yearly loot amounts to the interest on honest investment of nearly $4,000,000,000 fixed at seven per cent.

"I am not opposed to public utilities. They are absolutely necessary. I recognize that there are public utilities which give the public a square deal. With such I have no desire whatever to interfere. But a square deal from the utilities to the public is what I am asking for, and where that obtains I am more than satisfied."

I suggested that it had been said that business in general would suffer through his election.

"THAT is pure fiction," said the Governor. "The proof of its falsehood lies in my previous administration. No legitimate business suffered then, and no legitimate business is going to suffer in my approaching administration.

"The investments of myself and my family are not small. They cover every type of American business except natural resources. I put none of my money in water power, in coal, in forests. Conservation is my specialty and I do not wish to share in any profits derived from natural resources lest my interest be misunderstood.

"I am no fighter of business, except where business thrusts itself corruptly into politics. The cost-plus system of awarding contracts in Pennsylvania finances the leaders of the Vare gang and makes it profitable for them to coerce the voters.

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Thus the corporations are left untrammeled to loot. I am a better friend of the railroads, for instance, than Mr. Atterbury, whose conception of the relation of business to politics is in exact line with the practices that originally brought railroad-baiting down upon the carriers."

"How are you going to assure what you call free elections?" I asked.

The Governor sat down a-straddle a chair, his chin on its back. He smiled the wide, straight smile again.

"I won't tell you that," he shot at me. "That will develop at Harrisburg. But we are going to make a real try at it."

"Other items on your programme for the State?"

"EQUALIZATION of taxation, with some of the burden lifted from the farmer, the home owner and the small business man; every child an equal chance for an education, with security in office for competent teachers; abolition of the coal and iron police, a disgraceful system; restriction of unfair labor injunctions; old age pensions for the helpless poor; work for the unemployed, the prevention by law of political assessments against State, County, City, Borough and other public servants, with punishment for those who solicit them; assistance, through created opportunity, to disabled and neglected ex-service men; lifting of the tax on small inheritances; law enforcement; a Roosevelt Square Deal for everybody; definite progress in a thoroughly mapped programme of paving 20,000 miles of rural road, which will multiply our present good road system by two and one-half times."

"That's a lot to do," I observed, as he paused for breath.

"Maybe we won't get it all done," he smiled, "but those are the things we'll be working at."

His chin went down again on the chair-back, over clasped hands.

"YOU see," he told me, "I have a definite mandate from almost every type of Pennsylvania voter. I was elected because there are real abuses in Pennsylvania and because the so-called leaders could not lead a majority of the people to believe the nonsense they peddled about me. Enough regular Republicans stayed regular. Enough Democrats came over the fence looking for real performance. Enough business men trusted me. Enough Wets decided that liquor was not the biggest issue in the life of the Commonwealth."

I did not question Governor Pinchot about Prohibition. His advisers, standing and sitting informally about the room, answered the question. They were obviously men to whom liquor means nothing. For instance, Clyde King, Professor of Public Finance at the University of Pennsylvania and Chairman of the Unemployment Board appointed by Pinchot weeks before the election. (This confident candidate ordered his address in the next *Social Register* changed to the Executive Mansion, Harrisburg!) King is the finest type of the academic mind with lively and human interests. The same is true of Pinchot, who suggests nothing of the killjoy. His grandfather bore the name of Cyril Constantine Desiré Pinchot and emi-

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grated from France. I suspect that none of the Pinchot group deserves any moral credit for personal dryness. These men are simply of the type which can draw full enjoyment from life without alcoholic stimulation or obscuration.

"I know about your love for the outdoors, Governor," I said. "Have you any indoor hobbies?"

"Well," and his eyes twinkled, "I am an inveterate movie fan. Go to them all the time. I'm a movie actor, too. Made some undersea pictures in the South Seas. I guess I'm the only movie actor who ever played opposite a turtle. Once, too, for a few unhappy moments, I played opposite a shark. No political reference!"

THE door opened and in came a gracious lady with definitive red hair. She acknowledged greetings with a smile, passed a basket of fruit silently about the room and seated herself on the window ledge, whence she followed the trend of talk with unobtrusive alertness. She thought it was a shame that I had bothered the Governor, and said so.

No comprehension can be had of Gifford Pinchot's personality and success without a corollary understanding of his striking and able wife. Daughter of Lloyd Stevens Bryce, wealthy and distinguished magazine editor (once of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW) and one-time United States Minister to the Netherlands, she is the great-granddaughter of Peter Cooper and a person of consequence in her own right. Friend and foe agree in Pennsylvania that her devotion, her energy, matching the Governor's own, and her first-class mind, have been heavy factors in the scale of the Pinchot political fortune.

LOOKING at the two of them, I was reminded of an old Pinchot story. One day President Roosevelt was about to choose an Attorney-General of the United States. His advisers were discussing qualifications for the office. The session was long. When everyone else had done, Forester Pinchot banged his fist on the table, doubtless smiling that boyish and engaging smile.

"And above all that," he contributed, "he must possess the nervous, driving energy to be eternally at it!"

The Governor was speaking again.

"There will be plenty of action at Harrisburg," he promised. "I do not conceive the duties of an Executive to be performed when he has fulfilled those tasks allotted to him in the Constitution and statutes. His job is to do everything not specifically forbidden him by law, that will work to the benefit of the people."

Out in the hall again, Professor King responded to my appreciation of the Governor's vigor.

"You have seen him," he explained, "at probably the tiredest moment of his life."

"Yes?" I said. "I'd like to see him sometime when he's rested."

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# Contempt of Court

By Walter Gilkyson

*A Story*

"I told Alloy Murphy he was a damned hypocrite," said Starret. "I told him he had no business to send men to jail for bootlegging, and then drink bootleg liquor himself. He got mad — we were having a meeting of the Terrapin Club out at Green Spring Valley, and he'd been drinking a lot — and this morning I get this."

Young Borden picked up the paper Starret tossed over the desk. It didn't seem right to talk about judges that way; in the law reports he'd been reading the judges appeared in a very venerable light, and the old gentlemen who came out occasionally to dine with his mother were all pretty deep in the head, and they knew so much law that he didn't dare open his mouth.

"I've never met Judge Murphy," he said. He didn't know any of the judges except his mother's friends, and he'd never once been inside of a courtroom, although there was no use in telling Mr. Starret that. This was his first day in Starret and Anders's office, a part-time job while he finished up at the law school, and if they liked him they were going to take him on next September. It was his father's old office.

"Maybe Judge Murphy thought the liquor was pre-war," he said. "The law presumes that all things which are done have been rightly done until the contrary is proved."

"Bunk!" said Starret. "Read that paper. Murphy had a mean look in his eye when I kidded him. You can hop down to the jail if you will and talk to that fellow."

Borden read the paper. Charles Starret, Esquire, was appointed by the Court to defend one Edward Link, who had been accused of felonious assault and robbery. The order was signed by Judge Aloysius Murphy, and provided for a counsel fee of one hundred dollars.

"You make money, don't you?"

"Damn Murphy!" Starret thrust out his lean gray face and pulled back a strand of hair. "He wanted to make me sore! This is one of his jokes; he knows I can't afford to try criminal cases. It's been fifteen years since I've been in a criminal court, and I've got a meeting of the Cumberland Light Company tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. Nobody in the office knows the company's set-up but me. Will you go down and see Link? Take that paper with you and say you're from the office. Get his statement and the names of any

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witnesses he may have and bring it all in here tomorrow morning. I'm due at Kremer's office at five o'clock, and you can't get back before six. Can you be here tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Cut your class if you have any. This'll do you more good than Third Year Property. We'll go over to court tomorrow morning and try the case."

Borden rose. "What do I do — ask him everything?"

"Sure." Starret was turning over the papers on his desk. "Ask him everything. And tell Miss Cooper to come in, will you? She's got the serial numbers mixed on these bonds."

BORDEN went out and told Miss Cooper that Mr. Starret wanted her. Then he stopped at the telephone desk and asked the operator where the jail was. A lot of people came in while she was looking up the address, and she sent them all back to Mr. Anders's office. One of the men was Mr. McClee, the president of the street railway company. Mr. McClee didn't recognize him, and he wondered what it would be like to sit back of a desk and tell Mr. McClee what to do.

When the telephone operator found the address Borden thanked her and went out to the hall and rang the bell for the elevator. It was crowded and he had trouble squeezing in at first; then the man behind him started resting his chin on his hat and Borden tried to step on his feet but he couldn't find them. At the next floor another man got in, pushed him back a little further, and then buried him in a tickling mass of coon fur.

When he left the building the late afternoon crowd was coming up the pavement, their faces advancing like gray bubbles out of the far red end of the street. At the corner he crossed over and took one of the cars that ran north. It was about a ten-minutes' ride to the jail.

On the way he began thinking about Judge Murphy, wondering just what went through his head when he sat on the bench and sent bootleggers to jail after one of his big nights in the club, drinking bootleg liquor like a gentleman. Judge Murphy must take the law as a game. You followed the rules and kept out of trouble and that was enough. Maybe it was. Everyone said so. They said the law was an instrument now, not a principle. It was a piece of machinery that a bright boy knew how to work.

AT THE jail he showed Mr. Starret's appointment to the turnkey and told him he came from Starret and Anders's office, and the man took him upstairs and down a long hall to Eddie Link's cell.

"I'll be back for you in half an hour," he said.

Borden waited until the door closed, and then spoke politely to the man on the bed. He was sitting on a gray blanket with the electric light shining in his face, and the walls around him were bright lead-color except where a black square was set into the wall across from the door.

"I'm from Starret and Anders's office," Borden said. He walked over to the chair in front of Link. "The Court appointed Mr. Starret to defend you tomorrow, and he asked me to come down here and get your statement."

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Link looked at him. He was a big man with a flat face and wide uneven eyes and a black chin that bulged out over the upturned collar of his coat.

"I don't want a lawyer," he said.

"You don't have to pay." Borden sat down on the chair and began to undo his brief case.

"I don't?" Link spat maliciously on the floor, and then wiped the place with his foot. "I'll say I don't. What's the Judge buttin' into this for? I got no money."

"You have to have counsel," said Borden. "The law provides that every man accused of a crime shall have counsel." He put the bag down on the floor and then grinned at Link.

LINK watched him, the wrinkles deepening across his forehead. "They make 'em in half sizes now," he said. "I don't want a lawyer, and if I did I'd know where to get one."

"I'm not going to try the case," said Borden cheerfully. "Mr. Starret, my chief's going to try it. He used to be in the District Attorney's office."

"Yeah?" Link's dull little eyes shone for an instant. "Leftie said I wouldn't need no one," he complained. "Leftie's a dumb little sucker. I ain't heard from him for a week."

"Who's Leftie?"

"He's a friend of mine. Got a paper?" Link undid his hands and held out one of them.

Borden took the appointment out of his pocket and gave it to him. "I'm Mr. Starret's assistant," he said. "He sent me down here to get the facts."

Link studied the paper and then handed it back.

"How do I know?" he exclaimed peevishly. "Hell!" He pushed his square black-nailed fingers into his knees. "You say the Judge sent you down here?"

"No, no," said Borden. "Judge Murphy appointed Mr. Starret, my chief, to defend you. You're entitled to a defense in court, don't you understand? It's for your own good." He bent forward, nodding at Link.

"I don't know no Judge Murphy," said Link. "I know Judge Rossi." He shot a quick glance at Borden.

"He's not a judge, he's a magistrate."

"Well — " Link looked down. "You can call him whatever you like, it's no skin off of me. What do you want to know?" he demanded.

"Just tell me about it." Borden sat back and folded his hands with a quiet smile. "Just tell me about it, so Mr. Starret'll know what to say tomorrow morning."

LINK stood up. "Gimme that again," he said. He took the paper and studied it under the light.

"Mr. Starret used to be in the District Attorney's office," Borden repeated patiently. "He's a good lawyer and Judge Murphy has appointed him to defend you. We're all doing this for your good." He looked appealingly at Link.

"All right," said Link. "I ain't seen Leftie for a week and he's a dumb little sucker, but I guess it's all right." He sat down and put the paper on the blanket beside him. He looked confused and angry about something.

"You can tell Mr. Starret there won't be no one come to court against me," he said. "The old man

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and his girl and the chauffeur, they ain't comin' to court."

"What old man?" asked Borden.

"Old Cravell," said Link irritably. "Who'd you think I meant?"

"Sure." Borden smiled apologetically. "Mr. Cravell was the fellow, wasn't he? Tell me though — Mr. Starret wants to know — just when and where did it happen?"

"I don't know when," said Link with disgust. "How can I remember a night more'n three weeks back?"

"Well, where was it, then?"

"In Lembert Street. The car was going along Lembert Street."

"Oh, yes." Borden made a note. "And the girl you spoke of?"

"Some tart of the old man's, I guess. I'd seen 'em together more'n once down in Sumter Place." A gold tooth shone lasciviously in Link's mouth. "I know'd if I got in the car with them they wouldn't say a word. The old squirt only had three hundred dollars on him. I was out of luck!" He rubbed the spot on the floor with his foot. "Then them two bulls caught me just as I come away from the car." He looked up at the light and then down again. "I should have kept that broad from screamin'," he said. "I didn't know —I thought she was paralyzed."

"Sure," said Borden. He made another note. "That's Mr. Maxton Cravell, isn't it?"

Link nodded.

"And neither he nor the lady were at the magistrate's hearing?"

"No. The chauffeur was there, but he ain't goin to be in court tomorrow."

"I see." Borden wondered how much it had cost Maxton Cravell to keep the thing out of the papers. "I should say you had the best kind of a defense," he said.

Link shifted a big leg over his knee, and then leaned back on the blanket. "The best," he said. "As I told you, I don't need no lawyer."

He didn't, Borden reflected as he walked down the corridor with the turnkey. Maxton Cravell would take care of the case himself. He wondered who the girl was, and how she'd managed to keep out of the way. He knew Maxton Cravell's wife and both of his daughters. Marion, the oldest daughter, was an awfully nice girl.

In the hallway below the turnkey stopped in front of a short dark man who was hurrying by with a brief case.

"Hello, Ben," he said.

The short dark man stopped abruptly. "Hello, Joe. I was looking for you. Where's Hendrickson now?"

"I'll take you. Just wait a minute." The turnkey put his hand on the short dark man's arm. "Mr. Starret, meet District Attorney Stopp," he said proudly. "This is young Mr. Starret, from Starret and Anders's office."

Borden felt himself turned inside out and then put back again. "I'm not Mr. Starret," he said. "I'm Mr. Borden of the office."

"Son of Francis B. Borden?" said Stopp. "I knew your father. You've been admitted?"

"No."

"He's been seein' clients just the same," said the turnkey benevolently. "I've just now took him up to see Eddie Link."

"Oh!" Stopp stood back with a

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queer smile. "Been talking with Link, have you?"

"Yes. Mr. Starret represents him."

"He does?" Stopp paused, the queer smile still on his face. "I hope you got a good statement from him," he said.

BORDEN didn't tell Mr. Starret the next morning that he'd met the District Attorney. Mr. Starret was very much annoyed about the whole thing, and did most of the talking.

"Judge Murphy is perfectly straight," he said, "and so is the District Attorney's office. They'll do everything they can to convict Link. Judge Murphy would bring Maxton Cravell or anyone else into court on a bench warrant if he could find him. The trouble is the old man sailed for Europe last week, and I'll bet he's taken his chauffeur with him." Starret frowned and tapped the edge of the desk with his pencil. "Damn this crime business," he said. "It gets so mixed up with Prohibition and money that the man in the street don't know where he's at."

All the way over to City Hall Mr. Starret complained, while Borden kept up with his long steps as well as he could. He gathered that Mr. Starret would probably win his case, although he didn't want to, and that he was going to do everything he could to get Link off. That seemed fair enough; Mr. Starret had been appointed for that purpose and nothing else. There was no use in moralizing or trying to find out who was to blame. Mr. Starret and he were lawyers, and their first duty was to their client, and once a lawyer forgot that he ought to be disbarred.

The courtroom was larger than he expected, and the people on the benches behind the low partition were a fidgety, avid-looking lot. Mr. Starret pushed back the brass bar across the aisle and walked over to the front row of chairs just under the Judge's bench. Then he sat down, and Borden sat down beside him and looked around. These were all lawyers in this enclosure between the low railing in front of the Judge's bench and the partition behind the chairs. They weren't very healthy or happy looking lawyers, he decided; their nerves were bad and their color wasn't any too good. They were too much like agitated sprouts in a cellar.

THE short dark young man of yesterday afternoon was standing behind the low railing with his back to the courtroom and his head just above the bench, talking to the Judge.

Mr. Stopp, the turnkey had called him. He must be the District Attorney who tried cases in this court.

The Judge looked over the District Attorney's shoulder at Mr. Starret. The Judge was a round-faced, bald-headed man with light blue eyes and a roller-top upper lip. His black gown made his face very red. He nodded as Mr. Starret rose, and then beckoned to him.

"Come along," said Starret, and Borden followed him inside the rail to the place where the District Attorney was standing.

"Stopp tells me he can't find his principal witnesses in the Link case," said the Judge, including Borden in his friendly glance. He was so pleasant that Borden's nervousness vanished, and he forgot the big room

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full of people listening behind him.

The District Attorney was looking at him as if he remembered something. "I can't try the case properly until Maxton Cravell gets back," he said.

"That may be a year," Mr. Starret answered. "You can't ask me to keep Link waiting in jail for a year. I'll have to ask for a trial this morning, Ben. We're ready."

STOPP smiled; then his heavy mouth tightened up. "This case should be tried right for a lot of reasons, Charlie," he said. "Maxton Cravell has gone to Europe because he's afraid of publicity. If Link isn't convicted, it'll be another case of a crook getting off because a rich man's afraid of publicity. This case should be tried right, Judge. If you knew all the facts you'd be the first one to say so."

Judge Murphy looked troubled. "Has Link got a record?"

"No."

The Judge sighed, and then looked down at the paper in front of him. "He's accused of felonious assault and robbery. He ought to be tried right, Charlie. Why not postpone the case, say for another three months?"

"Judge Murphy," said Mr. Starret, "you appointed me in this case as a joke, but I've taken it seriously, and I'm here fulfilling my duty to the court. I've come here at quite a little sacrifice to myself, prepared to try the case this morning. It isn't fair — " he lifted his finger and brought it down on the bench, "— it isn't fair to send me back and then make me do it all over again."

Judge Murphy picked up his pen and thrust it into the bowl of shot in front of him. "I thought you'd appreciate the appointment," he said. His blue eyes crinkled and his long humorous lip spread out.

"I do," Starret answered drily, "but I think in justice to my client and me that the District Attorney should be ready to try the case when it's set."

"Well, there's something in that," said the Judge. "Why didn't you subpœna your witnesses right away, Ben? If your office moved faster —" The veins on his forehead swelled out, and he dug the pen viciously into the bowl.

"We move just as fast as we can, if Your Honor please."

"Not always."

"Yes, sir!"

"Well you ought to be ready to try this case."

"We are." Stopp's nostrils twitched. "If Mr. Starret insists, we're ready right now."

"All right!" Judge Murphy sank back in his chair and threw down the pen. "Don't get so angry about it," he said. "If you'd got out a *ne exeat* on your witnesses, any judge would have signed it."

STOPP didn't answer and Mr. Starret turned his back and walked round the railing and over to one of the tables in front of the bench. Borden sat down in the chair behind him, and Eddie Link and a court officer came over and sat down beside Mr. Starret. Link didn't look at all frightened, and Mr. Starret began talking to him as if he really liked him. Then the tipstaff started to call the jury and Mr. Starret spread out the jury list on the table in front of him and marked down a number

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opposite the name of each man who was called.

Every now and then he challenged a juror. "Just to make things interesting," he said.

The District Attorney was sitting at his desk behind the rail, marking down numbers on his list. He didn't like it when Mr. Starret challenged, and once he looked around Mr. Starret's shoulder at Borden, with that same queer smile of yesterday afternoon. When the jury was called he came out in front and read the indictment to them in a low complaining voice.

"The State hasn't got a witness, except the policeman, who didn't see anything," Mr. Starret whispered.

"I guess not," said Borden. Now that the case was actually beginning, he felt excited. The District Attorney had finished reading the indictment and was putting it down on his desk. Judge Murphy, leaning back in his chair, seemed out of the case; while the jury kept glancing around at each other self-consciously, and then relapsing into vacancy.

IT GREW quiet all over the room. Everyone was waiting. The stenographer, sitting at his desk across from the District Attorney, turned on the light. The next moment Borden heard his own name, "James B. Borden," echoing through the courtroom with a dismaying loudness.

His heart stopped and the blood ran out to the ends of his fingers. The District Attorney was looking at him, beckoning to him. Something was wrong. The man must be crazy.

Mr. Starret shot out of his chair and his pencil rolled over the table and down to the floor. "I object!" he cried. He stepped in front of Borden.

Judge Murphy swung slowly up to the bench. "What's your purpose in calling the witness, Mr. District Attorney?"

"I propose to show a confession made to him by the defendant."

"Oh, you can't do that! The young man's in Mr. Starret's office."

"But he's not admitted to the bar. He can't plead privilege until he's admitted."

"Well—" Judge Murphy frowned. "Well—" he began again.

Then Mr. Starret walked over to the railing in front of the bench.

"To put this young man on the stand would be an outrage, if Your Honor please," he said. "I sent him myself to interview the defendant, and to make him repeat what the defendant may have disclosed would be a perversion of justice."

THAT ought to be enough, Borden thought. It was straight in his mind now; he knew what they were trying to do and where he was at. The fear had gone, and he felt clear and stretched out and very light in the head. The gaping faces behind him had faded out. He was alone with the Judge and the District Attorney and Mr. Starret. If they put him up there and asked him questions he'd show them!

The Judge looked down at him and he stared back, ready to let go whenever the old bozo said the word. His hand on the table was shaking and his knee tapped against the table leg. Link began to curse and someone grabbed him and he stopped. The Judge looked away and moved the bowl of shot on his desk to one side.

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"I'm afraid the District Attorney's within his rights," he said. "I don't approve of the practice, but if you insist — "

"I do." Stopp thrust out his arm at Mr. Starret. "My friend pushed me into this case when I wasn't ready. He who lives by the sword shall perish thereby."

"Don't get eloquent," said the Judge. "You don't live by the sword, anyhow; you draw your pay from the State." He rubbed his bald head and then muttered something under his breath. "I'll give you an exception, Mr. Starret," he said. "If I'm wrong you can take the case up. Put Mr. Borden on the stand and let's hear what he has to say."

MR. STARRET was furious. He was getting ready to hand it to the Court.

"Your Honor, this is one of the worst miscarriages of justice I have ever seen. I — "

"No," the Judge broke in peevishly. "You can't talk that way to the Court, and I won't permit it. The law is plain, and my duty is to apply it fully, impartially, and up to the hilt. I'll give you an exception." He lifted his hand as Mr. Starret began to speak. "Nothing more now. Sit down please, and let the witness testify."

Mr. Starret came back.

"Take the stand," he said. His lips made a sticky sound, and his face was white.

"It's rotten," said Borden. He got up and grinned at Link. "You ought to go to jail," he said. Then he walked over to the witness stand.

The District Attorney came down in front of him. The District Attorney was fat; there was a good place to land, just there, in that bulge between his ribs. He was a smooth talker, but his voice had a nasty edge.

"Now just tell the Court and jury whether you have ever seen the defendant, Edward Link, before, and if so when and where, and what conversation if any took place between you."

Mr. Starret was on his feet.

"Objection overruled and exception noted for the defendant," the Judge droned in a monotonous voice. He was leaning back now, as if he'd forgotten the case. "Go on, Mr. Borden," he said.

Borden looked straight at him.

"I refuse to answer, Judge Murphy."

THE Judge sat up. Borden heard the jury off to the left moving in their chairs. The room stirred as if a wind had blown over it. Everyone was looking at him.

"You'll have to answer," said the Judge.

Borden kept quiet.

"I command you to answer." The Judge's voice had a hot unsteady sound and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"I refuse to answer," Borden repeated. That was just what he'd said before, but it did well enough.

"If you refuse to answer I shall commit you to jail for contempt of court."

Borden nodded. That was what they did, of course. It might mean a lot. Maybe he could never be a lawyer. But if he answered he wouldn't be fit to be a lawyer. He didn't know. . . .

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"I command you to answer," said the Judge. "This is very serious, Mr. Borden."

Borden sighed. "I know it is," he said.

"Notwithstanding how you may feel personally, it is your duty to obey the law," the Judge continued in a kind voice. "The law is made for the equal protection of us all, and unless intelligent young men like yourself show a prompt and willing spirit, a ready obedience to those rules of conduct which you have helped to make yourselves, our institutions will crumble, and our civilization will disappear. I advise you — " he bent forward, "I request you, Mr. Borden, to answer."

BORDEN twisted his shoulders savagely. If the Judge only wouldn't talk such rot! It made him angry, ready to curse out the whole crowd and let them do what they liked. They didn't understand; they were crazy, or else he was. He looked down at Mr. Starret, but Mr. Starret turned his eyes away. Eddie Link was scared; he thought he was going to be double-crossed and go to jail. Double-crossed! That was what they wanted Borden to do — double-cross that crook down there who thought he was straight. Well he wouldn't, and they could send him to jail if they liked. Maybe he was just a damn fool, but if he was he'd be his own kind of a damned fool.

"I can't answer, Judge," he said. He faced around, trying to make the Judge understand. "I can't answer, don't you see?" he said patiently. "If I did it wouldn't be decent."

"Five days in the county jail," said Judge Murphy. He turned to one of the men standing by the bench. "Take the witness into custody," he directed.

The courtroom was terribly quiet. The rows of faces turned toward him as if he were the centre of a malignant circle. A man below him was nodding and smiling and noiselessly clapping his hands. His hands were dirty and the sleeve of his right arm was shiny up to the elbow. Then Mr. Starret got up and came over to the rail. His shoulders were hunched, and his long arms were dangling at his sides.

"Your Honor," he said. He gripped the rail with both hands. "I wish to recall to Your Honor the circumstances under which this appointment was made."

"No!" Judge Murphy's red face swelled out. "Sit down, Mr. Starret, sit down!" he spluttered.

"I REFUSE to," said Mr. Starret. "I have my rights as an officer of this court, and if what I say is offensive to Your Honor, then you can send me to jail, along with my assistant. I wish to recall to Your Honor the circumstances under which my appointment was made, and to point out — " he stopped, "to point out that as a result of my appointment, made under circumstances which Your Honor will recall, you are now sending a courageous and honorable young man to jail. And for what! For refusing to obey a law which you yourself know is morally unsound. For doing precisely what you and I and the District Attorney and nine-tenths of the judges of this State are doing every day of our lives. If that's justice — " Mr. Starret's face was white with contempt, "then we who administer

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justice are only players in a degrading farce, and sooner or later a younger and wiser generation will sweep us unregretfully off the stage." He bowed and then turned around and took his seat.

"Wait a minute," Judge Murphy said to the officer who was standing beside Borden. "Mr. Stopp, have you any more witnesses?"

"No, sir."

"Then submit the bill. Gentlemen of the jury, you will find a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Starret and Mr. Borden, come here, please."

Borden followed Mr. Starret inside the rail. He didn't care what happened now; he'd done his job. The Judge, peering down from the bench, had changed in appearance; he looked noble and solemn and rather sad; like one of the dogs in the Landseer picture at home.

"Charlie, you ought to know better than to talk to me that way," he said.

"I had to."

The Judge sniffed and then turned to Borden. "You'll make a good lawyer," he said. "I'll remit your sentence." His eyes crinkled and his broad humorous lip spread out. "This Prohibition makes hypocrites of us all, don't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Borden, "it certainly does."

## Song and Story

By David Morton

Now when the summer is a lovely name
We speak of and remember and are sad,
And autumn is no more a golden flame,
And has no more the splendor that it had —
Let us stop speaking, now, and listen, here,
To how the rain is hushing every sound
Except its own soft singing where the year,
In gold and crimson, lies along the ground.

This listening hour may ease our hearts of pain,
Now, when the trouble in the trees has turned
To these slow syllables of quiet rain
That tell and tell again what they have learned —
An old rain's tale of summers that are spent,
And autumns and the golden way they went.

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# Homes for Workers

By William Green

*The President of the American Federation of Labor presents the working man's side of the home building question*

In depressions of the past, the building industry has often been an early help toward recovery. In 1921 construction took the lead toward an upward movement and started to advance before industrial production made its upturn. In 1924 the unchecked growth of building operations helped to keep the country from sinking lower into business depression, and the recovery came quickly.

Of all branches of the building industry, by far the most important is the construction of homes and apartments. From 1923 to 1928 between 41 and 46 per cent of all building was for this purpose. And it was home building in the days of the 1921 depression that started up most rapidly and did more than any other type of building to hasten business recovery. Again in 1924 the advance in home building was the chief influence for improvement.

The present home-building programme starts a new precedent. Today conditions are very different. In the years of high building activity which made up the war deficit, homes and apartments were overbuilt. That is, they were overbuilt for the groups of people who could afford new homes at the present prices. Consequently the last two years have seen a decline in home building amounting to 31 per cent in 1929, and in 1930 home building has been 46 per cent below even 1929. Instead of being the mainstay of the construction industry, home building has dropped to 23 per cent of all construction in 1930, as compared to 41 per cent and more in former years. From far and near come tales of houses standing vacant and apartments which can not be rented.

Obviously this side of the problem must be carefully considered. We are starting on a home-building programme at a time when incomes are reduced, and when there is apparently an oversupply of houses and apartments for certain groups of the population. There is another large group of people, however, who need and want new homes — the wage earners. Hundreds of thousands are living in quarters that are anything but suitable for family life. They would gladly move into a better environment if they could find houses and apartments within their means.

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Here is a real need for better housing, a demand for homes which can be a mainstay to the building industry. The problem is to construct homes at reasonable prices, within the reach of working people. A home-building programme which can accomplish this will indeed bring nation-wide benefit to American citizens as well as to the building industry.

FIFTEEN years ago it was as expensive to buy an automobile as it is to buy a home today. Mass production was introduced and today thousands of wage earners own their cars. Can we not hope for measures which will reduce the cost of home building as the price of automobiles has been reduced? At present it is not possible for the vast majority of wage earners to own their homes, and most even have difficulty in finding modern apartments with the equipment and surroundings which will make a suitable environment for their children.

There is nothing more important in forming the character of the American people than the homes where our boys and girls grow up. Home surroundings help to mold the moral fibre that is to measure up in the tests of later years, or start the physical and mental defects which later on bring downfall.

For working men and women particularly, a good home is all important. Because it can not be supplemented by clubs, travel, opportunities for independent living, the workman's home is definitely the centre of family life, the formative influence for growing children. When we consider that 80 per cent of our 122,000,000 men, women and children are in the wage earner group, it is obvious that good homes for workers are a matter of national significance.

The large majority of our citizenry come from working men's homes. They are the group our industries depend on for steady and intelligent work. They must bear the strain of sustained productive labor, often under nerve-racking conditions of noise and speed and long hours. The man who can keep his nerves steady, who does not lose his precision after weeks, months, years of hard work, is the man our country wants and counts on for responsible management of his part of the nation's work.

GROWING children must have the environment that builds strong bodies. Sunlight and fresh air, a safe place to play, with grass and trees if possible, cleanliness and comfort at home, with running hot water and bath — all these are necessary to build bone, muscle, nerves, and strength which will carry through in later years. Dark rooms, foul air, cramped surroundings, may be the start of lifelong physical defects. It makes all the difference whether windows look out on an inner court or into the open air; whether children play in crowded rooms or outdoors in a playground.

No less essential are the other elements of environment. Beauty, neatness, the necessary comforts and conveniences, are part of that intangible background which means so much in mental and spiritual growth and reserve. The mother of a wage earner's family must be cook, seamstress, laundry worker, nurse, com-

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panion to children and husband, and an economist to expend the family income. She can not employ help to share her responsibility. If this busy mother of the family is to keep clean curtains at the windows, tidy rooms, spotless linen and clothing, she must have modern conveniences to help her. For the wage earner's wife does all her own housework, and often, when wages are low, she must supplement the family income by going out to work as well. She needs hot water, electrical wiring, adequate heating in her home.

But in spite of the great need for homes for wage earners, there are many old tenements in our cities where children grow up in dark inner rooms; mill houses in many communities, which were hastily built to provide for growing industries, still have no plumbing and even no water supply, to say nothing of central heating, gas or electric light. Yet the mental and physical health upon which the future of our nation depends is conditioned by all these elements in the home environment.

WHEN a workman chooses his home, he has many things to consider. Probably the most dominating question is: How long can I keep my job? Can a wage earner count on steady work long enough to pay instalments on a purchase if he wants to buy a home? This question lies at the root of our home-building programme today.

With the swift and ruthless changes in industrial employment which have followed each other continually in practically all industries in the last ten years, few workmen can be sure that they will hold their jobs even for a year from now. New machines are introduced in one factory, and 500 are laid off; a new technique develops in another, and 50 or 60 lose their jobs. These figures mount up into the hundreds of thousands as the process of technical improvement spreads from plant to plant and industry to industry.

THESE are not rare happenings; they are going on continually as part of the vast industrial changes we are passing through today. The 20,000 business failures that occurred last year, have thrown thousands of wage earners out of work. A job today is a very doubtful security indeed. Even though our factories were producing 42 per cent more in 1929 than they did in 1919, 514,000 fewer wage earners were at work manufacturing these goods; 227,000 fewer were employed on the railroads transporting them, and 122,000 fewer were mining coal to furnish fuel and power. These are just a few figures to show the enormous number of workers who are losing their jobs through increasing industrial efficiency.

Seasonal changes also lay off hundreds of thousands, and many do not get their jobs back again when the next busy season comes. In 1929 in the automobile trade, 150,000 workers were laid off in the dull season. All these men lost an average of two months and many never got their jobs back. In the clothing and textile industries, the dull season meant 32,000 jobs lost for two or three months.

Some of these workers, of course, find new work in the same city, and near their homes. But a surprising

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number leave town and seek work elsewhere. "I'm lucky this year," said a painter the other day. "Last year I had to travel a hundred and twenty-five miles before I found a job." And thousands are less lucky and have to travel farther. A bricklayer who kept a record of his wanderings in search of work, travelled one year from Pennsylvania to Norfolk, Va., then to Washington, D. C., then back to Philadelphia for a few weeks and on to Williamsport. Each time his job lasted only a few months or less. Another year found him in Indiana and Tennessee.

UNLESS you have been through it yourself, you have little idea of the struggle to find and keep a job. With only a small savings account to fall back on at best, the wage earner who loses his job is in dire straits, indeed. A recent study shows that it takes on the average three months to find a new job of any permanence, and during this time savings are needed for food and bare essentials. How can a man invest in buying a home under these circumstances? Payments which could not be met when they are due would only bring the loss of all invested capital. Far better to buy a car which is paid for in a year or eighteen months. At least it will be a help in getting from place to place in search of work.

Two kinds of homes at low cost are urgently needed to meet the requirements of the modern age: (1) Homes which can be purchased on easy terms, providing security for the investment involved, so that money put into them can be withdrawn without great loss. (2) Apartments and rented homes which will be equipped with modern comforts and appliances, and situated in suitable surroundings.

At present, although there are many wage earners, especially of the more skilled group, whose jobs are more secure and who would like to own their homes, it is impossible to finance the purchase without high interest rates and difficult financial arrangements.

COMPARE for instance buying a car and buying a home. To buy a $500 car, you pay about $200 down, and after that $25 a month. At the end of a year, the car is entirely paid for. A $1,000 car requires only $55 a month for one year, with $340 down payment. Also, you can sell your car easily if need arises or you can use it as security to borrow money.

But to buy even a $5,000 home involves many complicated problems. First you must have at least $500 in cash. Then you may secure a first mortgage for $3,000 at 6 per cent, but to raise the final $1,500 you will have to take out a second mortgage, which with discounts will cost you at least 18 per cent, and if you happen on a sharp real estate dealer, it may cost you 30 per cent. To pay off these mortgages will take at least ten years. For the first three years payments will be $69.50 a month, then $30.30 for the next seven years, exceedingly difficult for a wage earner. When you have finished payments, you will find that with the high discounts it has cost you $1,099 to borrow $4,500. In other words, you have paid $6,099 for your $5,000 home. In the mean time you will also have taxes to pay. If you build your own home you have in addition fees for

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title search, and all the difficulties of choosing materials and design, about which you probably know practically nothing. Add to this the fact that once you own your own home you would probably find it difficult to sell without serious loss if you had to move. Is it any wonder that wage earners buy cars instead?

BETTER financing methods would eliminate much of this difficulty and expense. But no adequate programme for better homes for workers can stop with a plan providing for the purchase of homes. What millions of workers need in this country today is good homes to rent, either apartments or small houses. For until we succeed in stabilizing employment and until workers' living standards are higher, there will be millions who can not possibly afford to buy homes. They are the ones who suffer most from the congested living quarters of our slums today. And it is a tragic human waste that this should be so. For out of the families of many of these workmen comes some of the finest material for our future citizenship.

Slums can be redeemed. This has been proved often enough, but in most cases, redeeming the slums has not meant better homes for workers. Also experimental towns for workers in suburban districts are already being tried. These homes have a little plot of ground with grass and trees and a place for children to play, safe from motor traffic. Efforts to put such homes at the disposal of workers are most praiseworthy. The problem involves both the creation of homes in the suburbs and suitable houses and apartments within the city, and the redemption of unwholesome living conditions now existing.

As we consider the home building programme, let us not overlook the essentials but get right to the root of the problem: that of creating good homes for workers. To solve it will require the concentrated efforts of those interested in finance, construction, real estate, labor, building materials and many other groups. It has been possible to produce automobiles, radios, furniture and other articles in mass. Is it not possible to produce good homes on a scale which will make quantity consumption possible and profitable for all concerned? The construction industry depends on wage earners and small salaried workers for the rent or purchase of at least two-thirds of all homes and apartments built in the United States. If workers can afford better homes, there is no question of an increased demand.

IN THE present industrial crisis, a home-building programme which meets the needs of the working people and thereby taps an enormous potential demand for homes, can be a powerful influence toward recovery. A building programme begun now will help to increase employment and stimulate recovery and help to keep business on an even keel. As workers are better employed, better homes will be among their first requirements, and buildings started now will be ready for them. The problem of good homes for workers is one of the most fundamental in the future growth of our country.

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# The Holy City

By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

*A Moslem Pilgrim Describes the Journey to Mecca*

In a fierce midday heat, enveloped in clouds of choking dust, sweating and with jaded face, I was among a heterogeneous mass of Moslem pilgrims, as we lumbered on our way to the Bombay harbor in India. Afghans, Persians, Javanese, Indians and Uzbeks, all staring at one another and endeavoring to follow diverse languages we had never heard of before. On the arrival of the medical officer, the babel of tongues died away, as all sat on the floor of the shed and were vaccinated. But as soon as a medical certificate was granted and the pilgrim was free to move, you could see him hurrying along the passage with his left shirt arm folded. A moment later you noticed him behind the shed, washing the wound inflicted by the vaccinator. Many think that the lymph is "an impurity of cow" and hence not fit to be absorbed by the skin of a Faithful bound for sacred Mecca, the mystic city of Arabia where only the Moslems can go.

Close by the quay platform lay the pilgrim boat to Jeddeh on the Red Sea, and when the final word of "depart" was given by the medical authorities, there was a rush to the gangway. Stalwart Pathans of the frontier, weak and ill-fed Bengalis, sleepy-eyed men of Bokhara, veiled women bearing children in their arms, made one dash. They carried their valuables along with them, in sacks, crudely made tin boxes, or bulging baskets insecurely tied with ropes. The sacks, however, were in predominance as items of "portable luggage" intended for "cabin only." All the passengers were excited, and the noise and smell of the East blended with the sanctified air of the pilgrim boat. They rushed the gangway, people pushing into the sacks, and bundles and baskets pushing into the people. A water receptacle now peeping out of a sack, now pushed up by the jolting crowd, and then slipping out of the hands of its owner into the sea. Thus the narrow pathway led the Faithful to the deck and away down to enormous cavernous depths.

Three shrill blasts, a thud of the engines, and slowly we moved away from the Indian shores amid the cries of "*Allaho — Akbar! Allaho — Akbar!* God is Great! God is Great!" As a pious Moslem, I had a craving to visit the Holy City of my faith. Taking, therefore, little or no

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account of the future, believing that what is written is written, relying on the philosophy of my fathers, I resolved to face the discomforts and perils inseparable from a pilgrimage to Mecca as stoically as possible.

EXISTENCE on the pilgrim ship, to one used to the ordinary comforts of life, was, to say the least of it, harassing. And although much has recently been done by the Wahabi Government to provide livable conditions, the devotees were packed like pilchards in a tin. The worst phase of the voyage began on the third day after we had left Karachi for Jeddeh, because practically every pilgrim was in the throes of *mal de mer;* and one of them, who only the day before had told me he could not be seasick, was prostrated and prayed loudly for death to release him. The shouting and harrying scenes had come to a standstill, for the sky was now gray, the wind swept the vessel, and the waves beat on the sides with more than ordinary force. Corpse-like men lay on the deck, on their charcoal sacks, on coiled ropes, everywhere, uttering not a word, hardly interested in existence and readily denying food and drink. They thought an evil spirit had come upon the boat. But it takes more than a rough sea to hide life altogether, for as soon as the waves subsided, the corpse-like ones rolled up their beddings, sat up, cooked their food, the Persians made tea, the Bengalis skinned fish, the Pathan was busy with his Palaw rice of excellent flavor.

During the spell of the sea-sickness the pilgrims had lost all clear idea of their purpose; but on recovering they soon remembered the solemn idea that induced them to journey to the city of their childhood dreams and lifelong prayers. The air on the boat was "thick with religion," prayer carpets were spread, recitations of the Koran were chanted, doctors of theology were busy reading to the devotees those chapters of the Holy Book of Islam which related to that part of the journey of the pilgrimage. In the afternoons, religious discussions took place, even political, and both used to end where they began. And thus the life of the pious on a pilgrim ship was spent, till one day, soon after dawn, the captain appeared on the deck and pointed out to us in the haze of distance a dark blue line, the Holy Land of Islam! The Arabian Coast! The port of Jeddeh!

We could hardly speak for excitement. Little by little it became clearer, as we stood watching it in our *ahram* — our regulation pilgrim costume — till the white city of minarets and domes of Jeddeh lay as cut in marble when the boat dropped anchor some two miles from the shore. From that point no ship could go near, as the reefs are very numerous and many traversed that portion in tiny sail boats tossing like cockle shells on the crests of the waves.

THE first sight of Jeddeh gripped me. I gazed at it as a Moslem with pleasure mingled with awe and reverence. Beyond that city, at the distance of fifty miles or more, lay Mecca, the goal of my hopes. The Holy of Holies of every Moslem. Life's dream, I thought, had at last been realized. The pallor of my face

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and those tears that dimmed my eyes were indications of my emotions. The scene was strangely familiar, for had I not faced the Holy City five times every day of my life in prayer? Absorbed in these thoughts, I remained in Jeddeh for the night, and next day in a motor car started towards Mecca, the Cradle of Islam.

THOSE of us who had more money than sense were bundled into a large motor car, and were told that by this means we were to travel the fifty miles to Mecca. We had not proceeded far when a halt was made at the reputed tomb of Eve. Curious as to the grave of my great ancestress, I alighted to examine it. She must have been a lady of formidable proportions, for the original grave, I was told, was some eight feet long. It was perhaps as well, therefore, that she had not survived to welcome us in the flesh, for although it is rumored that we Moslems have an eye for ladies of heroic proportions, we draw the line at the titanic. But I was told that the grave had mysteriously extended itself, by the time I arrived, to the altogether gigantic dimensions. On payment of a fee, I learned, one could receive an oracular message from the buried progenitress of suffering humanity. This was, of course, supplied by a confederate in an underground crypt, who, for a shilling or two, droned out a "prophecy." Fortunately the evil practice is now stopped, since the advent of the Wahabis.

As we trundled over the sandy tract, we felt the grilling heat of the desert overpoweringly. I was dressed in the traditional *ahram*, which consists of two sheets, one for the upper part of the body, another for the lower, knotted together, as pins or sewing are frowned on by Moslem law. In accordance with immemorial custom, too, my head was shaved and unprotected from the merciless sun. To make matters worse, no water was to be had. At last, after twenty-five miles of torture, with parched lips and baking limbs, we drew up at the post of Bahra, where, we were told, there was a well, and, thanks to the Wahabi King, we found not only water, but even cool drinks; a God-sent thing in the grilling heat of the desert.

HARDLY had we journeyed three miles beyond the well, when the rear wheels of our car sunk deep in a sand heap. We alighted, and strove to move the venerable vehicle, but to no purpose, and much to the contemptuous amusement of a passing Bedouin, who, from the back of his swift-trotting camel, jeered at us unmercifully.

"It serves you right for bringing that creation of Satan into the sacred land," he yelled. "Why can't you travel on camel-back like other folks? See, I can make my camel stop when I want and go when I wish him to. Take that iron contraption back to the devil who made it."

By this time I was well in the grip of fever, and it was with pounding head and swaying legs that I made the seven-fold circumambulations of the sacred Kaaba, that Holy of Holies, believed to have been built by Adam, which contains the sacred black stone set in silver. The Haram, or sacred enclosure in which it is situated, is surrounded on all sides by graceful colonnades, surmounted by

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white domes, forming Mecca's sacred mosque. On the day in question it was crowded by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the East, eager to kiss the holy relic.

From the moment the pilgrim enters Mecca to the time of his departure he is kept in a fever of excitement and pious frenzy. Ceremony after ceremony claims his constant and unfaltering attention. He is for hours wedged in swaying and seething crowds. One of the most arduous rites is the passing seven times between the space of Safa and Marwa, the alleged tombs of Hagar and Ishmael, a distance of perhaps three hundred yards, which is known as the Sai Ceremony, and from which one may acquire much merit. The road is not narrow but is constantly crowded with pilgrims. Add to this prayers five times a day, and one has not much time to see the sights of Mecca. Not that there is really much to see. Moreover Ibn Saud has rightly banned all diabolical amusements. Mecca is drier than Milwaukee by many degrees, and to light a cigarette is to call down anathemas from pious Moslems.

The most striking picture in Mecca is that provided by the vivid and colorful life of its wonderful bazaars. The most celebrated of these is the Soayqa, which occupies one side of the Haram, and which has a great reputation throughout the East for its fine silks, its wonderful beadwork and its rich and choice perfumes. The latter are a necessity of life in Mecca, where the sanitation of the rest-houses till lately was most execrable. Indeed scented woods had constantly to be burned in these houses to keep down the effluvia of overcrowded humanity which is constantly rising.

But purchasing an article in Mecca is scarcely the same sort of business as in Fifth Avenue or the Strand. Goods in the bazaars are unticketed, and if you fancy anything the merchant will ask six or eight times its value. Of course, the turbaned gentleman well knows that you will at once depreciate it, which you proceed to do, if you are skilful, with a flow of rhetoric which bamboozles him. But when he has recovered, he comes back at you with an eloquence of praise for his goods worthy of a Hafiz. So it goes on until one or the other is exhausted. On one occasion I bought a melon, which, the merchant assured me, was "sweeter than the honeycombs on the hills of Paradise." On finding the inside blacker than Eblis, I returned it to the seller, who looked at me pityingly.

"Oh, my unwise brother," he chanted, "the melon was made by Allah. Why not complain to him about it? His house is hard by!"

One might describe Mecca under Wahabi rule as a "Calvinistic" city, the metropolis of the Moslem purists. It has no lighter side to its austerities. Indeed, Mecca should be nothing else. Yet the very colorfulness of its crowded and enthusiastic life, and the sight of thousands of devotees massed together from all the lands of the East, can not fail to rouse a lasting sense of the picturesque and the devout, never to be effaced; and the security it offers has been possible only since the Wahabi régime.

After much prayer and meditation in the Holy City of Islam, I resolved

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to trek northward, not as a scientific explorer, but as a wanderer, without knowing that the raiding season of recalcitrant Bedouins begins in the desert at the termination of the Pilgrimage.

CARAVANS for Basra and Mecca were now constantly passing across the desert to and fro from the Moslem Holy City, on the termination of the world-wide pilgrim season there. Those who pay tribute to the Bedouins are immune. If they do not — well, sand leaves no traces, even of green turbans. It was during this season that I fell into the hands of the bandits, about whom much has been heard lately as raiding the British mandatory region of Irak. The only way to get out of their clutches was to play the brigand, and then watching an opportunity make good one's escape.

Three ruffians stood before me with loaded rifles. "I shall shed no blood," I protested, "if you insist upon my becoming one of you." After that there was nothing for it but to "savvy," and I fell into the line. I must explain that the Government of Irak at the time had about as much authority in its southwestern outposts as the London police have in the Scilly Isles. It has been said that the desert Arabs do not abuse their fellows — no; perhaps as much as Rob Roy did not abuse fellow Christians, I fancy.

About a couple of days after I had unwillingly joined up for safety's sake, a rumor ran through the camp that a caravan from Koweit was crossing the desert to Medina, and that it would hold by that part of the frontier where we were situated before striking south for the sacred places. Naturally the news aroused the wildest enthusiasm among the eighty-odd blackguards who composed the band. Life in the camp had been somnolent enough before, a matter of occasional scouting, interspersed with coffee-drinking and smoking dried tobacco slightly mixed with hashish. Now vedettes were sent out all over the horizon and an extraordinary feverish activity prevailed. Even so, it was another three days before we got reliable news of the whereabouts of the caravan and this necessitated a camel ride of more than thirty miles.

IT WAS in the evening that we got our first sight of it, a thin black streak on the pale face of the limitless sands, a moving thread of life among the far hills of the desert. Down we swooped with a wild whooping calculated to scare an *impi* of Zulus, and I can not help laughing as I remember that in my nervousness of the ugly chieftain I gave vent to some of the most blood-curdling yells ever heard out of transpontine drama. If the talkies ever want anyone to shriek in a peculiarly ghastly manner, I offer my services as an invisible ghoul. Yes, indeed, it was great!

The caravan came to a dead halt, and the ends drew back on the centre. Not a shot was fired, for the payment of the tribute was the usual custom. Shortly we came up with our victims, who were obviously demoralized. The leader of the train rode out and explained to us that it was composed of exceptionally poor pilgrims, who were unable to pay anything in the way of blackmail. In the name of

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all that is holy, would the chief not allow them to pass?

But the Chief had heard that story before. "We shall investigate their poverty," he said sternly, and then the fun began. Fat Hadjis and portly merchants were manhandled and forced to part with their personal jewelry, money and other belongings. Bales of costly merchandise were unwrapped and hypothecated. Camels of pedigree and valuable dromedaries were impounded. Fine Arab horses were selected. And those who complained or resisted were badly beaten up and mauled. Cries of fear and indignation, curses and malediction, resounded on all sides.

I felt the Chief's eye on the man standing next to me. He strode up to a little wizened fellow who was making more uproar than half a dozen others. The chief presented his Arab blade near the old man's head. "Pay up," he yelled, "or by the beard of the holy priest, I shall scratch your neck in a fashion of my own."

"Brother," he shrieked, "I have nothing, nothing, but the holy memory of my aunt, which I carry to the shrines; let the angels hear me."

"Off with your turban," growled the Arab menacingly, "or the devils will hear you quick."

Weeping, protesting, he drew off his greasy headgear. Within its folds was a handful of choice turquoises from Persia. On these the brigand chief swooped like a hawk, giving him a look of commendation.

IT WAS a sorry train that was left in the desert after we rode back. But now came my opportunity. That night as the raiders sat in the moonlight dividing their loot, and much too busy to notice me, I quietly mounted my camel and made off. By morning I was well on my way to where I thought lay the track to Basra in Irak, and, endeavoring to avoid all Black Tent dwellers of the desert, rode on till dusk had swallowed the shimmering sand dunes, and I lay down utterly exhausted beside my camel.

I HAD been asleep, and woke to find the business end of a jezail rifle rammed so hard into my neck as to be near breaking the skin. I struggled into a sitting posture and saw a lean dark face peering through the opening of the tent curtains into mine.

"Hallo," I said. "What about it? Take that shooting iron away from my jugular, will you?"

"Peace be with you!" said my visitor devoutly. "I thought for a moment that you were an infidel."

"There's another think coming to you," I told him; "but what's it all about?"

"Truly you are a man of strange words," replied my new Arab friend, "Don't you know that in the country of the Bedouins sleeping men are apt to be rudely awakened?"

I assured him that I had gathered the idea previously, but had resolved to ignore it. And as the trusting son of Shaitan laughed consumedly, I raised my heavily sandalled foot and kicked him so hard on the knock-out area of the chin that he began to dream of the planets at once. As nearly painless as might be.

So I roped him up, and knowing that some of his crowd would be along soon, took his camel and left him mine. His was a fleet one of the

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desert, one of the best, I saw at a glance. The camel, however, is a froward beast. He will obey his master grudgingly, but being lawless at heart, he is only too prone to rebel against others. And before I had well mounted him this demon of the desert made off like the tempest towards the place of sunrise, bumping me at every stride till I felt like the makings of an omelette.

Great Scott, and then some! How that brute did career over the burning desert. And then, just like a Margate donkey, he stopped dead and I went over his long neck, ploughing my way down, down, through seeming oceans of hot sand.

WHEN I came to the surface again, blaspheming in an argot of six languages, and shaking the burning particles out of my eyes, ears and hair, I was amazed to hear a woman's voice greeting me. Now women unsponsored in the desert are about as rare as larks in December, and I gazed through my watering eyes in amazement, until I saw by her dress and lack of veil that this was what is known as one of the "Free Women" of Arabia, a caste of ladies who for some reason or another have always been regarded with especial reverence by the Arabs, and who are not subject to their rather wearing social laws.

"And what can I do for you?" I asked rather weakly.

"Your *heri* has gone," she replied smilingly, "and unless I give you a lift on mine you'll have to remain here, as far as I can see."

"Very kind of you," I assured her. "Come, let us be moving, for there are certain people in this vicinity who are looking for my heart's blood, and I haven't a drop to spare at the moment."

"I will help you on one condition," she said very firmly, "and that is that you take me to wife."

"But I thought you Free Women never married."

"That's just it," she remarked pettishly, "and I am tired of the single state."

Now I didn't want to trice up with this lady, and I knew it would be suicide to tell her I had a wife at home, so I merely nodded gravely. She made her camel kneel, I mounted behind her and off we went.

"Where do we go from here, Bulbul?" I asked.

"We go to Koweit," she said, "for I want to see the pictures. And my name's not Bulbul, but Khawala; so please remember."

The pictures! A traitorous thought leaped into my mind.

FIVE hours of clop-clopping through the sand, and we were in Koweit. It must be the pictures at once, hungry and thirsty as I was. Night had fallen, as we entered the picture house, and the interior was as dark as the cave of Eblis. So far, so good!

The film on the screen was one of those sob-stuff torments which turn most women into perfectly good understudies of Niobe for about six reels or so. My prophetic hopes, I found, were correct. Khawala was no exception to the rule. At the first sad caption she began to sniff, and when the Italian heroine writhed on a marble seat on reading the telegram that told of her lover's accident, she

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reached for my hand. At last, when the said lover returned on crutches, she broke down entirely and laid her head on my shoulder.

"You are overcome," I whispered; "let me get you some coffee. A cup will just put you right."

The cup of coffee is to the Arab woman what the cup of tea is to her European sister, a never-failing solace. Khawala peered up at me through the gloom.

"You are so good," she murmured. "Yes, I think I should like a cup. But you won't be long, will you, dear?"

Assuring her that I would not, I crept from the picture house and made for the docks at greyhound speed. A felucca was in the act of weighing out for Basra. The lateen sails were going up and the anchor was on the deck.

"Hi, hi!" I shouted to the skipper; "take me with you and I'll split a gold piece with you when we get to Basra."

"Jump, then," he cried, "and save your neck if you can. I can't put back."

I closed my eyes and jumped. A broken neck seemed a mild way out compared with what waited for me at the picture house yonder.

For I should have told you that Khawala was forty-five if she was a day, and that she had quite three teeth in the upper gum and a smile like that on the visage of the proverbial tiger.

Pressed by circumstances, I may go "back to Alabam'," as a popular song assures us its hero declares he will do. But come weal, come woe, I shall *not* return to Koweit. There are other and less exciting ways of facing Azrael.

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# Gold

By H. R. A. Garnett

*The Statement of a Great Economic Problem*

If the greatest problem before mankind is the preservation of peace, the second most urgent problem is the stability of prices. Falling prices bring unemployment, a drastic curtailment of trade, lack of confidence and all the other evidences of business depression. Prices of goods and commodities are quoted in their relation to currency, and as stable currencies are on a gold basis, prices are, therefore, quoted in terms of gold. From time immemorial gold has passed as the medium of exchange because of its known durability and its scarcity.

The quantities of gold existing in the world and produced each year have been fairly accurately measured since 1493 or beyond that date. If, therefore, gold can be accurately measured, what effect does it have on price level? If this question can be answered by stating that either the lack or the maldistribution of gold affects consumption and therefore production — or in other words price levels, which are nothing more than the world production of goods paid for by world consumption — it is pertinent to examine the present distribution and supplies of gold.

We have had falling price levels since 1921 intensely aggravated this year. It is obvious that if there is over production consumption becomes less, and there is less purchasing power available in the world. In other words, purchasers are not available, because the exchange of goods is imperfect.

This can only mean that currency and credit, which form the basis for exchange of goods, have ceased to flow into those channels where they were most needed. Hence purchasing power must diminish. If, therefore, it can be shown that price levels (or the price exchange of goods or commodities) have declined and at the same time large quantities of gold, upon which currency and credit depend, have been immobilized, it must follow that the supplies of gold available have been insufficient for currency and credit needs, and the exchange medium has, therefore, failed to arrest falling prices.

Statisticians agree that the world production increases about three per cent annually and world population one per cent annually. Price levels increased nevertheless from 1896 to the outbreak of war. Exchange and production were then functioning

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normally. The following table, based on Sir Henry Strakosch's able article in *The London Economist* of July 5, demonstrates price levels from 1924 to date and shows the amounts of gold in each year that have been immobilized:

*In Millions of Dollars*

| Date | New gold becoming available for monetary purposes | Released + gold on balance / Immobilized − Gold | Net additions to monetary gold reserve | *London Economist's* Wholesale price Index. Rise or fall 1913=100 Per cent |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. 31, 1924 | 359.6 | −228.42 | 131.18 | 172.4 + 6.1 |
| 1925 | 17.72 | +106.92 | 124.64 | 153. −11.2 |
| 1926 | 340.2 | − 92.34 | 247.88 | 145.1 − 5.2 |
| 1927 | 233.0 | + 19.54 | 242.54 | 141.9 − 2.2 |
| 1928 | 398.5 | −116.64 | 281.86 | 136.5 − 3.8 |
| 1929 | 291.6 | −359.64 | − 68.04 | 126.9 − 7.0 |
| Jan. 1–Aug. 1, 1930 | 224 | −284.6 | − 64.6 | 109.3 −13.7 |
| Aug. 1–Nov. 12, 1930 | 224 | −511.2 | −287.2 | |

IT WILL be observed that from 1925 to 1927 inclusive there was a decline of 18.6 per cent. At the same time $194,300,000 was immobilized. For each one per cent of drop in commodity prices during this period, $10,400,000 of gold was sterilized. For 1928, the rate was nearly three times as rapid, for each percentage drop $30,600,000 were kept unreleased in various centres. This prepared the way for the fall in commodities for 1929 and 1930. In 1929, although commodity prices fell twice as rapidly as in 1928, no effort was made to achieve a free exchange of gold and each percentage drop reflected an imprisonment of some $51,300,000 in gold. This year up to August 1, a drop of great severity occurred in commodities, and it should be noted that the curve of rising gold amounts in relation to the percentage drop in the Index was greatly reduced from 1929, the actual figure being $21,500,000. At the time of writing, however, the wholesale Index figure for November 1 is not available, but it may be pointed out that in just over two months (August 1–November 12) the newly immobilized stock of gold reached the colossal total of $226,600,000. There will be some corrective to this, as this immense total reflects in part the exports of gold from commodity nations to protect their exchanges. The evil of centres having heaped-up stores of gold to the detriment of free exchange movements is all too apparent.

THE chief centres of immobilized gold are in Buenos Aires, Paris and New York. Gold held in Argentina at present amounts to $39.80 per capita, in France to $49.15 and in the United States to $25.20. These figures can be compared to $8.44 for Holland (with her large Eastern trade), $8.73 for Italy, $16.91 for

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Great Britain and $8.14 for Switzerland. A brief survey of the difficulties at each of the hoarding centres for the release of gold will make it evident what reforms are needed.

By the Currency Law in Argentina for one gold peso withdrawn from the Caja de Conversion 2.22727 paper pesos are required to be withdrawn from circulation. The rigidity of this law practically compelled the Argentine Government to close the Caja de Conversion in December, 1929, when exports were dropping and gold would have been shipped for profit in exchange transactions. The amount of gold withdrawn might well have caused a currency stringency of severe proportions. There are two reforms in Argentina which can be suggested, a new currency law providing for a flexible system, and an increased use of checks as opposed to currency. Happily press announcements indicate that the Government is well aware of the inadequacy of the present law and proposes to remedy a situation which has long been an anomaly. As to the second, education and the growth of the country can bring about changes.

We now come to the position of France. Since January, 1925, to the latest available figures the stock of gold and claims to gold abroad have risen over 1,000 per cent. The causes of this great influx are many. During the flight from the franc the French placed heavy balances abroad; the country has ceased to be a lending nation, and the total balance of payments are largely in her favor. For instance, for the year 1928 the favorable balance of payments was calculated at 5,720 millions of francs.

With the enormous claim to gold abroad, with the Bank of France possessing further enormous gold deposits, with no exchange worries, with money cheaper than anywhere else, it is right to examine for a moment the apparent necessity for further imports of gold. We shall then be able to demonstrate the cause of sterilization of so much gold in France.

Without any discourtesy it may be said that the French money market is antiquated. In New York the money market is controlled by rediscounting with the Federal Reserve Bank, in London by the flexibility of control exercised by the Bank of England. In France, the Banque de France is a commercial bank in every sense of the word; and it charges its competitors excessive rates for discounting. Consequently credit being dear, it is cheaper to draw on foreign balances for any excessive demand. Currency, too, is in great demand. Hoarding among the peasants amounts to an appreciable percentage of the whole; tourist traffic is insatiable in its demand for currency and cash transactions still find favor over the check. The cheapest way, therefore, is to import gold, deposit it with the Banque de France and draw out currency. The following comparisons of currency may be found illuminating: England $37.90 per head; France $71.89; United States $11.4, and Italy $21.56.

There is a further reason for French claim to gold. Before the war France supplied foreign countries with large amounts of capital.

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In 1911, France floated 1,862.3 millions of francs; in 1912, 1006 millions; in 1913, 1538.4 millions; in 1923, 738 millions; in 1924, 235 millions; in 1927, 46 millions; in 1928, 182 millions; and in 1929, 517 millions. Since the war, France has kept her foreign commitments in comparatively liquid form, which can be realized on short notice. These amount to $266,000,000 for the Banque of France alone. Paris, therefore, has much to do to become an international market, but by accomplishing this she would help to solve the gold immobilization problem.

THE necessary reforms seem to include the establishment of a larger bill market, some attempt to distinguish between the functions of the Banque de France as a Central Bank and as a Commercial Bank, the flotation of foreign loans, the substitution of excessive currency needs for the drawing of checks, and the solution (always a hard one!) of the peasant's persistent attempt to hoard his hard-earned francs. In the words of a distinguished French economist, "We should rather leave it (i. e. gold) in the possession of the United States, who, like King Midas, before long will vainly seek to rid itself of it." It is comforting to know that the United States has a companion in similar distress.

In brief, the United States has become the greatest creditor nation. Recovering from the war sooner than anyone, having no political entanglements, safe behind a customs barrier, she has lent prodigious sums, and is being paid annually the refunded war debts and interest and sinking payments on her loans abroad. Debtors after all can only pay their debts in services of goods directly by imports or by indirect imports, "invisible" services, or the exportation of gold. The recent rise in the tariff has tended to make payments all the more difficult, and gold shipments from South America and Japan have been made to bolster up exchanges. Without considering private investments placed abroad, America has floated in this market for loans abroad from 1925 to November 1, 1930, about $5,919,716,000 of new money, and if interest and sinking fund are put at 6.5 per cent it will readily be seen that America annually receives $381,781,540 and to this must be added over $200,000,000 on account of war payments. If these figures are considered and thought is given to the tariff, it is not surprising that gold has accumulated here. A reduction in the tariff would undoubtedly ease the situation, but not cure it.

THE suggestions that have been made in respect of Argentina and France do not apply here. At present the Federal Reserve System keeps a gold ratio nearly twice the legal minimum of 40 per cent. There is little doubt that we are using excessive gold for our currency requirements. Take the statement of November 12 of the Federal Reserve Bank.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Currency outstanding | $1,371,148,000 | |
| Deposits | 2,539,661,000 | |
| | 3,910,809,000 | |
| Against which is held gold | $1,632,506,000 | per cent 41.7 |

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gold Settlement Fund | 492,364,000 | 12.6 |
| Gold and Gold Certificates | 903,626,000 | 23.1 |
| | | 77.4 |

THE problem is not how to retain gold, but how to lose it. A loss of a billion dollars in gold would leave the substantial cover of gold of 51.9 per cent. It can be forced from the country by excessive cheapness in money rates, by again lowering the Federal Reserve rate. Critics argue that this was done designedly in 1928, and although the United States lost $421,873,000 in gold, the way was prepared for the bull market of 1929. The Federal Reserve authorities can cheapen money and yet keep a strangle hold on the market by buying Government securities. At present they possess $600,000,000 of Government securities against $200,000,000 in 1928. This is a greater potential force than they possessed in 1928. The only other way of exporting gold is by exchanges moving to the gold point against this market, and there seems small probability of that at the moment of writing. The first method is driving gold from the country artificially, the second by allowing it to depart by the usual laws of supply and demand.

The Interim report on Gold, published by the League of Nations Committee, estimates that the net amount of gold available for monetary purposes in 1931 will be $220,000,000, and by 1940 will only amount to $170,000,000. An earlier table has shown the amount of gold available for monetary use in the past few years. Calculations are made to show that if notes and sight liabilities increase at the rate of two per cent a year with a gold cover of only 33 per cent, there will be a shortage of gold in 1938. If the gold cover be raised to 40 per cent with a two per cent yearly increase, the gold shortage is set for 1933. Consequently, quite apart from the actual distribution of gold, the world is faced with a serious gold shortage. All the experts seem to be in agreement that large discoveries are improbable.

WHILE the final report on the question has yet to be made, certain obvious reforms are suggested. The most important is the coöperation of countries in reducing their ratios of gold to currency. The usual covers of gold have been formulated through custom or fear. No country could be expected voluntarily to lower its ratio without concerted action on the part of the large gold-owning countries. Each geographical expression can not by itself stand the strain. Only by the contribution of each for the benefit of the whole can the labors of man be successfully rewarded and shielded from the horrors of economic privations. The shortage of gold is one problem, the distribution of it another, the stability of prices yet a third, but closely allied. No one country, industry or bank, however powerful or however small, can hope to solve these problems without the hearty coöperation of all. Peace is the panacea of mankind, but economic distress is the greatest bane of it. Boldness and coöperation can alone maintain peace with prosperity.

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# Recollections of Mark Twain

By Clara Clemens

*Last Years of the Humorist*

Not only did Mother have the satisfaction of knowing that she was indispensable to her husband in his work, but she knew she was equally so in every detail of his life. I think it was largely her idea that, when he was in a towering rage over some misdemeanor committed by a man residing in a distant town, he should express all his condemning thoughts in a letter — but not mail the letter. Father was so pleased with this scheme that he used it frequently. He did not like to lose altogether the satisfaction of expressing his feelings when they were so violent, but he realized that time often cooled them down until he was forced to admit they had not been well measured to the size of the cause.

"Do you know, Sue," I once heard Father say to my aunt, "whenever I have failed to follow the advice of Livy to change this or that sentence, or eliminate a page, I have always come to regret it, because in the end my better taste in thoughts and their expression rises up and says: 'You should have done as she said, she was right.' And never once can I remember wishing I had left something as I had originally written it after it had received the censure of her unfailing vision."

"What would you do without her, Samuel?" Aunt Sue asked.

"I don't know; nor do I know what my publishers would do without her."

Father was inclined to spend the mornings reading or writing in bed, which Mother feared might be a weakening habit. She sent in the suggestion to him now and then that he would feel better if he arose at a reasonably early hour and took a walk in the fresh air. Once I brought to him a biography of Bryant that I was reading aloud to Mother and showed him a page that we hoped might make a big impression on him. It described early rising and a vigorous walk which formed part of the poet's daily régime, although he had reached the great age of eighty, whereas Father was not more than sixty-six at this time. In reply Father wrote:

Feb. 14 — being St. Valentine's Day. And so this is to my Valentine — my especial Valentine and darling and best beloved — with kisses therewith, and many! I have read that half page. Mr. Bryant was wonderful to do those early risings and all that at

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eighty. If ever I get to be eighty, I mean to do them, too.

Sleep well, Livy dear — I shall get up as early as I can, and go out and get fresh air.

Good night, Dear Heart.

Y.

THE Bestower of Peace entered and set my precious Mother free. Her wish to die before her husband had been granted and she passed unconsciously from the earthly to the unknown state. Father stood helpless as a little child while the beloved soul glided away. He softly stroked an unresponding hand and called her name. No answer, but the silence of the dead, a silence that denuded our hearts of all comfort and cheer. Where should we turn? What should we do? The rudder of our ship was lost and we were tossed in restless seas. Father wrote in his note-book:

At a quarter past nine this evening she that was the life of my life passed to the relief and the peace of death after twenty-two months of unjust and unearned suffering. I first saw her thirty-seven years ago and now I have looked upon her face for the last time. . . . I am full of remorse for things done and said in these thirty-four years of married life that hurt Livy's heart.

We sailed on the *Prince Oscar* for America the last part of June. Mother's remains were on the same boat with us. The tragic melancholy of Father's mood can best be described by his own notes, which Albert Bigelow Paine also used in his biography:

June 29, 1904. — Sailed last night at ten. The bugle-call to breakfast. I recognized the notes and was distressed. When I heard them last Livy heard them with me; now they fall upon her ear unheeded. In my life there have been sixty-eight Junes — but how faded and colorless sixty-seven of them are, contrasted with the deep blackness of this one!

July 1, 1904. — I can not reproduce Livy's face in my mind's eye — I was never in my life able to reproduce a face. It is a curious infirmity, and now at last I realize it is a calamity.

In the early autumn Father rented a house on Fifth Avenue, at the corner of Ninth Street, No. 21, where he, Jean, the faithful Katie and the secretary settled down for the winter.

He started *Eve's Diary* that winter and wrote various articles, only one or two of which were completed or published. Most of the time he lived very quietly, with music for his chief companion; music made by a great mechanical instrument called the Æolian Orchestrelle.

HE WAS mentally active in one way or another all day long and into the night. This helped to modify his grief and gave him courage to continue his broken life. I believe that if Mother had lived, age would never have had the power to enfeeble Father's fiery temperament or diminish any of his enthusiasms and youthful forces. He was fundamentally young to the day of his death and would in no way have been marked by the increase of years had not sorrow clutched at the vitals of his heart. I remember thinking, when I saw him lightly running up and down the stairs on the day that a large banquet was to be given in honor of his seventieth birthday, "Father is younger now than I have ever been." His movements were quick and decided. His laugh was spontaneous and hearty. His eyes never lost their brilliance, except when softened by a dreamy haze.

His interest in all important matters of the day never flagged, and

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his instinct to reply in print to reports of evil acts in the daily papers was as compelling in these last years as it had ever been. Most of what he wrote he destroyed, however, as soon as it was written. Often he expressed his feelings in private letters to intimate friends, Mr. Twichell, Mr. Howells and others.

WHEN the hours of dictation were over Father often received callers, among whom were usually a few strangers. In one instance we had a good laugh. A pathetic sort of old lady arrived, who wished to pour out her adoration of Mark Twain and his works. Before leaving, she begged permission to kiss Father's hand in reverence. Quite seriously and sympathetically he submitted to this trying compliment. At the door she said: "How God must love you!" and when it closed behind her, Father said to us with a twinkle in his eye: "I guess she hasn't heard of our strained relations."

Although Father loved the great Italian bed with a cherub on each post, in which he had slept for many years, he sometimes complained that it was too large. Once when he was lying in it dictating to the stenographer, he wanted to quote from a newspaper notice, but hunted and hunted for it in vain among innumerable papers lying on the bed. He got madder and madder. Finally he asked the stenographer to leave the room so that he might swear. Mr. Paine helped Father search for that clipping which could not be found. Father muttered angrily with interspersed profanity: "One could lose a dog in this bed." Finally Mr. Paine suggested that possibly the clipping in his hand was the one he wanted, and so it proved to be. This was too much for a saint to bear. Father went into geysers of profanity and then remarked: "There ought to be a room in this house to swear in. It's dangerous to have to repress an emotion like that."

Some of the time when dictating, Father walked the floor instead of lying in bed, and then it always seemed as if a new spirit had flown into the room. There was something supernatural in his ability to pour out thoughts that flowed in finished phrases. He would start, for instance, to give a history of man, leading him from Adam through all the mysterious recesses of the ages, and end by giving comparisons between the qualities of man and the house-fly, or man and the tiger. The gestures he naturally used to emphasize his speech, and the poses that belonged to his personality, turned such hours into dramatic experiences.

A LETTER written to Jean reflects a bit of Father's social mood at this time:

Jan. 1./07

Jean dear, we had grand times last night. "Sham" played by Clara — burlesquing Grand Opera — assisted by Witter Bynner, George Gilder and Miss Burbank — most delightfully played. "Pain" played by me as a baby, with Miss Burbank for the mother. "Champagne" played by Bynner and me as the Siamese Twins (I getting drunk on wine drunk by him.)

At 11.55 there was a prepared surprise; lovely music — played on a silent piano of 300 keys at the corner of Broadway a mile and a half away, and sent over the telephone wire to our parlor — the first time this marvelous invention ever uttered its voice in a private house. Two weeks from now it will go by wire 1,000 miles to Chicago and furnish the music for the Electrical Convention and

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within a year or two the artist will play on those dumb keys and deliver his music into 20,000 homes — and cheap as water; only 20 cents an hour; and you can shut it off when you please, like the gas.

The company left at 1 and Mr. Paine and I played billiards till 3 o'clock.

Happy New Year, and a heap of hugs and kisses,

Father.

P.S. . . . Jean, the idea is that these formidable new war-inventions will make war impossible by and by — but I doubt it. Man was created a bloody animal and I think he will always thirst for blood and will manage to have it. I think he is far and away the worst animal that exists; and the only untamable one.

MARK TWAIN was now so generally recognized by everyone on the street or in public places that it was difficult to realize he was only a man of letters. Sometimes he was greeted by applause when he entered a theatre or public dining-room. I remember one little incident a friend related who had accompanied Father to watch a professional game of billiards played by two young men, one of whom had achieved fame for the excellence of his game. A large crowd was witnessing the spectacle when Father entered the place. At once the billiard players were forgotten and rousing applause greeted the white-haired gentleman as he approached. When the game was concluded Father was invited to make a speech, so he told an experience he had had some years before. He went into a billiard room and began to play by himself. A man standing near by watched him for a few minutes and then asked Father if he would like to attempt a game with him. "Yes," replied Father in an eager tone; but his eagerness cooled, because his pride suffered a shock when the man said: "I'll play you left-handed." Father chalked his cue while his adversary started to play. He kept on chalking his cue and the man continued to play. Was this never going to end? Apparently not. The stranger hit the winning score and Father had not touched a ball. "Goodness!" exclaimed Mark, "I never saw such a thing! If you can play that way left-handed, what could you do right-handed?" "Nothing at all!" said his opponent, "I'm a left-handed man."

FATHER spent two summers in Dublin, N. H., a charming spot where the people and scenery gave him pleasure. He wrote to me from there:

Dublin, Sunday, 9.30 A.M.

In my bedroom, Dear Heart, in my bedroom, and drunk again with the autumn foliage. The fact is, I am drunk with it all the time; it began weeks ago and I have never drawn a sober breath since. The colors that wash the wide sweep are infinitely tender and subdued and delicate now. Down the slope of Monadnock there's a rippled and ruffled landslide of hellfire toned down for Sunday consumption, the aforetime flames all there, but the fierce anger all gone — softened down to mottled yellows, every ruffle smitten through with a jet of sunlight, the whole avalanche daintily luminous, exquisitely luminous. The people are lamenting, they say the forest has faded; but it is a mistake to think damage has happened.

Good bye, dear, dear, most dear little ashcat.

Father.

P.S. *Two hours later.*

Clara dear, you think you have seen autumn foliage, but it is not so; you have seen only attempts, partial successes, and failures. And you have not had these attempts properly grouped, properly neared and distanced, properly leveled for vivid display in the fore-

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ground, properly retreating and softening away through a spacious gate in the gorgeous hills and dimming to smoldering embers under the hazy mountains on the verge of the world. I have to shut my eyes to shave, this painted dream distracts my hand and threatens my throat. And I have to stop and write this postscript to quiet my mind and lower my temperature, so that I can go and stand between the windows again and without peril resume.

Father.

P.S. There is to be a reading of the horse story in this house, Thursday, with four invited guests; a man, a woman, and two girls of fifteen. In the last chapter there are bugle-calls and war music and someone will break in at the precise places and play this, as I read. We practised it last night and got the cues right, and it was dramatic and stirring.

ALONG about this time Father took to wearing white clothes daily at all seasons of the year. Sometimes on very formal occasions he returned to black clothes, but unwillingly, for more and more he abhorred gloomy colors. He felt that men should be gaily clad like women, and since he did not dare venture upon the street in blues and greens, he had to content himself with white, which of course was conspicuous enough. Even when he went lobbying to Washington for the purpose of changing the copyright law, he wore his white clothes. And it was reported that although at first people were a bit startled at this apparition clad in white from foot to crown, they came to feel nothing but emotional pleasure in the sight, backed as it was by the dramatic delivery of a brilliant speech.

One of the great moments in Father's career was when he received the invitation to go to England and have the Oxford degree conferred upon him. "If only Livy could have known of this triumph!" he used to exclaim. It seemed a long trip to take, but the goal at the other end shone with magnetic brilliance and Father sailed across the seas, taking a young man with him to fill the post of secretary. His reception far surpassed anything he could possibly have hoped for. It was likened by one of the newspapers to Voltaire's return to Paris after his long exile from home. And so conspicuous were the attentions paid to Father on the day of the Oxford Pageant that one of the papers called it "Mark Twain's Pageant."

FATHER was often critical of our domestic Government, and wrote to me once: "I'm reading Suetonius again, oh, good land! This country is not Rome in the days of the early Cæsars, but — there are resemblances. And they are increasing. In a hundred years there'll be a King roosting here. His grandfather is among us now; I'd like to know his name. I already know the monarchy's ancestor, the same being the Republican Party; after which comes the Labor Party, and after it the Monarchy."

He never tired of discoursing on the evils of our Government, graft and other abuses. Always he maintained that no man could fill a high official position in the Government without succumbing to corrupting temptations, in some small degree at least. "Personally I should not care to face my conscience after four years as President of the United States."

He spent a great deal of time reading about the stars, and took pleasure in trying to figure out the time

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required for the light of some of them to reach our earth, according to the means used by authorities on the subject. Once when occupied with these interesting calculations he remarked: "I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: 'Now here are these unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.' Oh! I am looking forward to that."

IN THE summer of this same year, 1909, Ossip Gabrilowitsch narrowly escaped death from the result of a mastoid operation performed in one of the New York hospitals. When he was able to be moved he came to our country home to recuperate. Several weeks of rest finally brought him back to health, and towards the end of September, it was decided to give a concert in our home for the benefit of a library Father and others were starting in Redding.

The affair was a great success and even more money was taken in than hoped for. After this public entertainment in the afternoon followed a private event that evening, for I became engaged to Gabrilowitsch. Two weeks later our wedding took place in the same room where we had held the concert. Father was happy over this news, because he had always felt great admiration for Gabrilowitsch both as man and artist. The only sad feature was that I should live so many miles away from home, but Ossip and I hoped to spend a good deal of time in America.

The latter part of the next month we went to Europe to live and had been only a short time in Germany when the shocking news came of Jean's sudden death. It occurred in Redding when she was taking her morning bath and it was believed that she died of heart-failure from the cold water. In Europe I received the following letter from Father:

Redding, Conn., December 29, 1909.

O, Clara, Clara dear, I am so glad she is out of it and safe — safe! I am not melancholy; I shall never be melancholy again, I think.

You see, I was in such distress when I came to realize that you were gone far away and no one stood between her and danger but me — and I could die at any moment, and then — oh then what would become of her! For she was wilful, you know, and would not have been governable.

You can't imagine what a darling she was that last two or three days; and how fine, and good and sweet and noble — and joyful, thank Heaven! — and how intellectually brilliant. I had never been acquainted with Jean before. I recognized that.

But I mustn't try to write about her — I can't. I have already poured my heart out with the pen, recording that last day or two. I will send you that — and you must let no one but Ossip read it.

Goodbye. I love you so! And Ossip.

Father.

IT MUST have been a lonely house with none of his own family left in it, and the tragedy of Jean's life and sudden death haunting his thoughts. At Mr. Paine's wise suggestion, passage was engaged to Bermuda for Father and his butler, Claude. He arrived there in pretty good physical condition but stayed in bed a good part of the day. Sometimes he drove out to make calls or to enjoy the picturesque scenery. He had had attacks of pain in his chest

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before leaving Redding, which indicated a more serious form of heart disease, but they recurred only at rare intervals.

Letters poured in, as at other times during his life when his health was not good, offering marvellous remedies for his malady, whatever it might be. He tried to acknowledge all such messages and sometimes did so in a whimsical way. For example, one of his replies was worded as follows:

> Dear Sir (or Madam): — I try every remedy sent to me. I am now on No. 87. Yours is 2,653. I am looking forward to its beneficial results.

According to reports, his sense of humor never flagged during this last and cruelly painful illness. In the midst of suffocating lack of breath and torturing pain he managed to pant out droll remarks, ridiculing the weaknesses of the human being or the incapacities of the doctor, but always in playful vein.

SUDDENLY my husband and I received a message to come to America at once. We could only fear the worst. There was no delay in getting passage on the first steamer. Yet the voyage was filled with the dread that we might arrive too late. At last on April 17 we arrived at the Branchville Station and from there had but a short drive to the Redding home. Mr. Paine met us at the train with the encouraging news that Father seemed a little brighter that morning and was anxiously awaiting our arrival. How good the Fates had been! When we entered the sick man's room a sweet smile lit up his face, that loving smile that would soon fade out forever. He was ready to talk, but spent no words on complaints about his illness. He was pathetically anxious to inform me about the financial state of affairs, expressing regret that there was less money than he had hoped there would be. He appeared skeptical also as to whether the sale of his books would continue for more than a brief period after his death. I was too much moved by this evidence of his lingering care for me, to trust myself to speak.

Except for a gray look in his face his appearance was about as usual, and for several hours he filled his conversation with the same vivacity as of yore. Most of the time during the first days after our return he talked normally and did not seem inclined to sleep much, barring short naps he dropped into now and then.

ONCE when I had left his room and was looking at the landscape from my window, wondering how I could endure parting with the last beloved member of my family, Mr. Paine brought me a message. Father wished me to sing for him. Sing to my dying Father — I made an inarticulate response. Then some higher force surrounded me which seemed to say: "Will you refuse his last request?" And another power revived within me, the power that says "I can!" Thus I faced the ordeal and have been grateful all the succeeding years that I did not fail to give Father the serene sense of comfort he evidently received from hearing three little Scotch songs he had always cared for. The next day he talked almost constantly, but less lucidly. Sometimes it was difficult to understand him. He was able to make himself intelligible to my hus-

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band more easily than to anyone else. Two days more I was permitted to watch that magnificent head on the pillow and the wandering eyes, expressive to the end. On Thursday morning, April 21, 1910, he awoke with mental clarity and vigor, but not inclined to converse. Part of the forenoon he read, and much of the time meditated in silence. Then he dozed off. I was sitting by the bedside, when suddenly he opened his eyes, took my hand and looked steadily into my face. Faintly he murmured: "Goodbye, dear, if we meet — " His face was illumined with smiling peace. And Halley's comet was once more shining in the sky, as it had done at his birth.

# Prescience

By Adele de Leeuw

I am aware of coming snow.
Something tells me, and I know.
Before the first flakes drift through air —
I am aware.

Long, long ago I may have been
Cloistered in snowy wastes, shut in
By cruel walls built up by snow,
Long, long ago.

I may have heard the silence wait,
Pregnant with an ominous fate;
Before God spoke the doomful word
I may have heard.

There is no way to be assured
That those dim tortures I endured
Will not return with snow today —
There is no way.

Only my heart, before snows fall,
Leaps like a deer against its wall,
Over and over . . . *I* do not start —
Only my heart.

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# The Loudest Squeak

By James E. Boyle

*A farmer's old proverb: the wheel which has the most squeak gets the most grease*

In these latter days, the farmer has many a Homer to sing the Iliad of his woes. A recent magazine article pictures the "tragedy of the farmer." But in it as in similar articles and in recent books on the same subject, there is an assumption, expressed or implied, that the farmers of the past lived in a sort of Golden Age of agriculture. The assumption is that this farmer of the past was a very prosperous and contented man; that he had all the sterling qualities of independence, self-reliance, thrift, conservatism and piety; that the farmer in recent years has been travelling down an inclined plane toward a very much inferior condition. The facts show exactly the opposite to be true.

The farmer has been travelling up an inclined plane. His standard of living has been getting higher and higher. He does less work and has more leisure. He has more wealth and better health. He is a more significant member of society now than at any time in the past. For lack of space, I can cite only a few pieces of evidence to prove this thesis.

We are told that a straw shows which way the wind blows. I recall a small episode of a few years ago, in the life of the then movie queen and idol of the world, Mary Pickford, which shows the new position of the farmer among business men. Mary Pickford was visiting the Chicago Board of Trade, and, in fact, made a speech to the members. But she was not given the privilege of the floor, that is, permitted to visit the trading floor. The rule of the Board was then and still is, that no female be allowed on the trading floor.

A short time after this visit of Miss Pickford, I saw several females on this same trading floor. An official guide was showing them about with much deference. These young women were, I soon learned, farmers' daughters, who had won honors in certain farm and home projects which they, in competition with thousands of others, had carried on successfully. This Board of Trade incident is significant, showing the new place held by the farmer in the esteem of business men.

Each year, young women and young men from farms, winners in farm club projects, come to Chicago

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for the International Grain, Hay, and Livestock Exhibition. At the last meeting of this kind which I attended, I noted with pleasure the attention paid to these young farmers. The Wilson Packing Company gave them a banquet; the Swift Company a theatre party; other powerful business interests did their share in making these young people from the country feel important.

One of the finest business buildings in the great city of Winnipeg is the head office of the United Grain Growers. Some time ago, one of the officers in this farmers' company, Roderick Mackenzie, was showing me about the building, and I made some surprised comments on the white marble stairways and marble wainscoting. The old Scotchman smiled and said, "There is nothing too good for the farmer." He added, as a canny afterthought, "It is all paid for."

Some of the latest pictures of our own President on the White House lawn show him in the midst of a group of boys and girls — all farmers. They are the national leaders of the Boys' and Girls' Four-H Club movement. Their triumphs are acclaimed on the front pages of all our metropolitan dailies.

IN THESE ways I have cited, and in a hundred other ways more subtle, the farmers are made to feel that they are important. Agriculture is exalted and dignified. Agriculture is now commercialized, meaning that the farmer sells what he produces and buys what he consumes. And being commercial, agriculture is a hundred times more competitive than it was in the old self-sufficient days. Now, since it is more competitive, it is also more scientific. It is a profession for trained men and women. With the coming of our agricultural colleges and schools, and our present-day scientific farming, there have passed out of circulation most of the reproachful names once applied to the farmer.

HE IS no longer a Rube, a hick, a hayseed, a mossback, a clodhopper, or a yokel. The farmer is, in economic parlance, a manager of land, labor, and capital, and is, therefore, a capitalist. In fact a surprisingly large number of farmers own stock in corporations. Since the farmer has become a business man and a capitalist, those still more ancient social distinctions between urban man and rural man have disappeared. We learned in our Latin books at school that *urbs* meant city; *rus* meant country. We learned further that *urban* was a derivative from *urbs*, and meant courteous in manner, polite, refined, elegant; while *rustic*, from *rus*, meant rude, awkward, rough, unpolished. Those were the distinctions between farmer and city man two thousand years ago. If Julius Cæsar should enter any legislative assembly in America today, he would be unable to tell the farmer from the banker. The farmers and bankers listen to the same music, the same talk, the same jokes, over the same radio at the same moments. When the farmer's daughter drives to town in her automobile, she is wearing the same style of hat and gown as her city cousin.

The prophets of gloom who write the lugubrious articles about the farmer have one theme in common.

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"See," they say, "the farmers now constitute but one-fourth of our population, and therefore they have lost their voice in the affairs of the nation." But are the farmers inarticulate?

THE farmer is very articulate. Not only does he ask, but he receives. Here are a few things he has asked for and received at Washington:

He asked for a Department of Agriculture, which would deal in a fundamentally constructive way with his problems. He received a Department, staffed by twenty-five thousand trained persons, a Department as large as any five similar departments in the other great nations of the world.

He asked for a Parcels Post, and for a Postal Savings Bank. He got both.

He asked for the regulation of "big business," and Congress responded by passing laws for regulating both the railroads and the trusts. First came the Interstate Commerce Act, which curbed the railroads and made rebates illegal; then the Sherman Anti-trust Act, which made all combinations in restraint of trade a crime; then the Packer and Stockyards Act, to control the big meat packers; then the Grain Futures Act, which set up governmental supervision and regulation of all grain futures markets. Congress did not stop at these regulations. It passed the Clayton Amendment to the Sherman Law, authorizing farmers to form combinations without incurring the penalties of the criminal statute. Later, Congress passed the Capper-Volstead Act, making still more liberal the farmers' right to combine without going to jail for it.

The farmers were in debt and asked for more credit. Congress responded with three epoch-making credit measures providing for long-time credit, short-time credit, and intermediate credit. In one of these last—the Federal Farm Loan Act — the Government even advanced the money to start the twelve land banks, and provided for the issue of tax-free securities as a special favor to farmers. Under this act the farmers of Wyoming or Nevada or any other State can borrow funds on long-time loans at as low a rate as the largest business corporation in America.

THE farmer asked for educational facilities specially designed to promote agriculture. Congress answered by passing a series of five of the most important laws ever enacted in any country. First came the law setting aside lands from the public domain for financing at least one agricultural college in each State. Then came two laws providing for establishing Experiment Stations, in order that scientific research might keep ahead of teaching. The United States Department of Agriculture and these Experiment Stations now constitute our first line of defense in the unremitting war between man and insect and between man and the various plant and animal diseases. These institutions also provide the new knowledge of plant and animal and soil that is so necessary in this age of international competition in agriculture. After the Experiment Stations and the Colleges, Congress came along with another law provid-

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ing for what is known as Extension Teaching — that is, carrying the educational message back to the farms and the homes. The farm women now are taught to eliminate the drudgery of housework, and are given inspiration and instructions to make their homes places of comfort and culture. Finally came a fifth law, providing federal funds for the teaching of agriculture to the farm boys and girls who have passed beyond the common schools and have entered the high schools. This vocational agriculture, as it is called, is thus brought into high schools or within reach of our farm boys who want it. And still more important, in my opinion, is another type of vocational agricultural teaching, now common in the South, namely, evening classes for adult farmers — men from eighteen to seventy-five. In any event, farmers asked for agricultural education, and their request has been answered far beyond the dreams of the original seekers.

THE farmer asked for a protective tariff. There is, of course, much honest doubt as to just how much of the tariff is pure humbug. Nevertheless, the farmer took the stand that if any favors were to be passed around, then he wanted his share. The official organ of the farmers' largest organization in the United States contained the statement that when the 1922 tariff was made, the farmers wrote their own schedules. In the 1930 tariff, again they wrote their own schedules — after considerable bargaining and trading.

The farmers asked Congress for good roads, so that the toilers on the soil might pull themselves out of the mud. Federal roads were provided and then State and county roads, and now most of our farmers live on surfaced roads. Coupled with the good roads came the rural free delivery of mail, which reaches nearly every farm in America. The farmer, for example, living within fifty miles of Kansas City, receives his morning and evening papers at about the same time the city man does.

And, finally, the farmers asked for "farm relief." Evidently the voice of the farmer was quite loud, for in the 1928 campaign both Presidential candidates committed themselves to embarrassingly large plans of farm relief. The candidate who was elected signed a bill setting aside half a billion dollars for farm relief. While the farmers have no agrarian party, as do the farmers of Central Europe, yet they have their Farm Bloc in Congress which gives them the balance of power.

I HAVE spoken at some length of the farmer's voice, as Washington hears it. It is a loud, raucous, insistent voice, and it does get attention. No other group in our population has had so much specific legislation in its favor. President Hoover truthfully said to the new Farm Board, when he launched it on its way: "By your appointment I invest you with responsibility, authority, and resources such as have never before been conferred by our Government in assistance to any industry." The farmer is very articulate. The farmers have long had a proverb which says that the wheel which has the most squeak gets the most grease.

"But," say the men who write the jeremiads on farming, "the

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farmer back in the hills is after all a subservient, subordinate, and insignificant member of human society." He is, they say, a sort of peasant; not organized; an incurable individualist; soured on the world; not able to meet the competitive conditions of modern life.

How helpless and insignificant is the farmer? This question brings up another: Is the farmer organized? Is he mobilized?

FARMERS are organized more completely than any other economic group of our society. For over seventy-five years the farmers have had an educational and social organization, a secret order, known as the Grange, with its ritual, its own literature and even its own songs. In the field of purely economic organization, the farmers are mobilized in an extremely large number of organizations — tens of thousands of them. In most of the States of the Union, the farmers are represented in the American Farm Bureau Federation. This association counts, in round numbers, about one million members. Also nation-wide in scope and economic in purpose are the Farmers' Union, the Equity Union, the Equity Society, and various others. For purely commercial purposes, there are the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company, carrying over six billion dollars of insurance, and the farmers' twelve thousand marketing associations with an amount of business of over two billion dollars.

The farmers are also mobilized by counties into county farm bureaus. These institutions are influences for promoting scientific agriculture, and have an importance of the first magnitude. Through these farm bureaus, information is channeled from the Federal Department of Agriculture and from the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations down to the individual farmer.

The American Bankers' Association has a national committee on agriculture, and has, furthermore, in each State a State committee, and has, in addition to all these, a key banker in each section of the State to serve as liaison officer with the farmers. The aim is coöperation for mutual benefit.

The United States Chamber of Commerce has also a committee on agriculture, which engages in research, and in coöperation with farmers' organizations with particular regard to long-time programmes for agriculture.

THERE are five hundred farm papers in the United States, each active as an attorney and fighter for the farmer, and deriving its support from the farmers. There are two thousand county agricultural agents in the United States, each one living among the farmers he serves, and promoting their interests in every legitimate way he can. These agents are supported chiefly by public funds.

The farmer is significant. The evidence just cited shows that the farmer as a farmer is recognized to be a very important member of his community, and that agriculture as a business is recognized as being of vital importance in the nation as a whole. The farmer has the largest single business in America, and he is treated accordingly.

The evidence which I have presented thus far tends to prove that

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the farmer not only has a voice in legislative matters at Washington, but that he is a very significant member of his community at home. He counts. He gets very much consideration from the other groups and classes.

THERE is one more criticism to consider. Many writers picture the lot of the farmer as hard. His toil is arduous; his day is long; his reward is meagre; his home is without the modern conveniences. It is a difficult and strenuous life.

Is the lot of the farmer hard? This question should be, "Is the lot of the farmer harder or easier than it was in the past?" Is he going up or down the inclined plane? Surely any one with some acquaintance with economic history will agree that the farmer's lot is progressively better century by century, and that his standard of living is now the highest it has ever been. The farmer does less work and has more money than ever before. He has better health. He has more education. He has more leisure. He has more culture. The "gentleman farmers" of our early history — men like George Washington — were in reality great capitalists. They were not typical farmers. For every gentleman farmer of this type, there were two thousand obscure farmers who were mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The Jacquerie in France, the Peasant Revolt in England in the days of Wat Tyler, the Peasant Revolt in Germany in the time of Martin Luther — these are but milestones in the long rebellion of the farmer against hard and undesirable conditions. What little the farmer gained each time, he had to hold by a new rebellion. Yet, up to the time of the French Revolution, the small farmer was pretty much the under dog. There never was a Golden Age of agriculture. The farmer has fought his way up, overcoming one by one the political, legal, economic, and social inequalities which beset him. He was once the under dog. He is so no longer.

THE early farmers of America were suffering from many of the inferiorities and many of the hardships which oppressed the contemporary farmers of Europe. The early American farmers were, therefore, always found on the side of rebellion, and active in opposing law and order as they knew it. The farmers fired the first shots at Concord; they staged Shays's Rebellion, the Whiskey Rebellion, and various other disturbances of those days. Their lot was hard, and they sought to better it by the strength of their own good right arms. They felt that they had more to gain than to lose by resisting the order about them.

Old letters, diaries, and journals give us a clear picture of the hard life of the early New England farmer. Take, for instance, the hill farmer of Vermont, or the inland farmer of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Men, women, and children wore no shoes or stockings in the summer time because they could not afford them. The working day was fourteen hours. Each farmhouse had one or more spinning wheels, depending on the number of females. To spin yarn, weave cloth, make clothes, tan hides, make shoes, knit stockings, make soap and candles, can

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food, and keep the farm and housework going, required the labor of all hands. They were literally all harnessed together in the producing process, young and old, male and female, from grandmother knitting under her spectacles, to the small boy riding the plow-horse.

Yet this was very ineffective labor. They worked hard and had little or nothing beyond a bare subsistence level. It was a low standard of living and was supported only by arduous and unremitting toil. While there was a wide distribution of the ownership of land, yet there was much poverty and even pauperism. A large item in the yearly budget of each town was the sum appropriated for the support of paupers. Charles Francis Adams tells us that in one year the town of Quincy spent as much on poor relief as on churches and schools combined.

At this same time, intemperance was almost universal among the farmers. Every important occasion in home or church life, every rural festivity, was made the occasion of excessive indulgence in intoxicants. The haying season in the summer, the barn raising in the fall, the hog killing in the winter, could not be successfully managed without the whiskey jug. Husking bees, house raisings, training days, christenings, burials and ordinations, were often disgraced by the drunkenness of participants. The craving for strong drink came in part from the coarse and unvaried diet of the farmers, in part from a desire to break the hard and depressing monotony of farm life. If our Prohibitionists today would turn to the annual numbers of the old *Farmer's Almanac*, they would find a great arsenal of admonitions against drunkenness.

The coming of the Industrial Revolution gave to the farm as well as to the factory the use of machinery and power. With better physical equipment, the farmer could produce more with less human labor. One hundred years ago, two men working with six oxen could plow in a superficial manner two acres in a day. It took a large part of the crop to feed the six oxen. Today, on that same farm, a boy with a gasoline tractor can plow, in a shorter day and in a better manner, three times as much. And the tractor will not eat when it is not at work.

In short, the farmer is more productive today than ever before. Many plant and animal diseases, once a scourge, are now under control. Scientific farm management has increased the yields of crop per acre, and the yield of milk per cow, the number of eggs per hen. These increases in production, with less labor, have given the farmer more leisure. Eighty years ago, the Iowa farmer had no time for picnics. Now the Iowa farmers' picnic, held each year in Los Angeles, California, brings together thousands and thousands of farmers, most of them in their own automobiles. The prairie farmers in the Dakotas and other frontier regions no longer have the curse of isolation upon them. I recently spent a night at a farmhouse in North Dakota. After supper, two of the young boys drove their Ford to a moving picture show at the little city of Minot, sixty miles away. These boys were back home in time for a

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good sleep and were ready for work in the morning. It was a rare thing for the colonial farmer to get six miles from home.

There are writers on the farm problem who will admit that the farmer is no longer inarticulate; that he no longer is the inferior man in our social structure; but these same writers claim that the farmer is now undergoing a depression so severe as to put him permanently into a class of social and economic inequality. A depression we do have at the present time. Depressions we have had intermittently, as far back as historical records go. An extremely severe depression occurred in Greece, for instance, five hundred years before Christ. Similar depressions occurred during the Middle Ages and in the centuries since them. The worst agricultural depression ever known by the farmers of New England occurred just twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1640.

SINCE the Revolution, our farmers have experienced four depressions, each worse than the present one, namely, in 1819, 1837, 1873, and 1893. Lack of credit and lack of transportation made these early crises extremely severe. In the present depression, there is a scarcity of neither credit nor transportation. Under our modern system of commercial credit, with its Federal Reserve and its elastic currency, a financial panic at present can not be as severe, or so long drawn out as those of our Nineteenth Century. But the farmer who is now in debt for land bought at inflated valuation is indeed in a bad way financially. Bankruptcy for him seems inevitable. However, the number of farmers in this class is relatively very small.

Depressions come and go. The country survives them. The farmer also survives them. The present depression should, therefore, not loom too large in our present discussions of the farmer.

THE question is, "How prosperous is the average farmer?" To get a picture of the "average farmer," I recently directed a study of one hundred and four typical Ohio farms. These farms are scattered around in seven counties. To simplify the study still further, I had a detailed and personal study made of the twenty-two farmers at the top of the list and of twenty-two at the bottom. The result is a cross-section which gives us a true picture of farming in a typical farming State. All forty-four farmers kept records showing their "labor income" — that is, the amount of money they received for their labor, after deducting interest at four per cent on their investment, as an expense.

The average labor income of the forty-four farmers was $1,997. The average of the top twenty-two was $3,368. The average of the bottom twenty-two was $626. The range of incomes was from $81 for the low man to $6,754 for the high man.

The conclusion seems warranted that the average farmer now is getting as much reward for his labor as the average man with similar ability in other occupations; and the average farmer is travelling slowly up the slope towards higher standards of living, more wealth, more health, less work and more leisure.

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# Our Barbaric Christmas

By Avis D. Carlson

*A Protest from the Plagued*

On December 21 or thereabouts of last year I expressed a hope that some good propagandist would launch a campaign for civilizing Christmas. The group about me was composed of people who like to think of themselves as "emancipated," but the instant my unwary little remark was in the air, they pounced upon it fiercely. What was barbaric about Christmas? they demanded to know. In the parry and thrust that ensued I failed to acquit myself with honor. If I remember correctly, I was so overwhelmed by rhapsodic recitations of this and that phase of "the Christmas spirit" as half to conclude that I was only tired and peevish.

I have long since recovered entirely from the weariness of that evening, but I still feel that a large part of the holiday activity is not very civilized. "The Christmas Rush" is most appropriately named. Everything gets off tempo and every one goes off poise. For three weeks the world shakes off its regular routine and abandons itself to a gigantic game where the pace is faster, the rules more exacting, and values different from those which hold in the humdrum rest of the year.

A homely little cartoon that appears annually in a slightly new dress shows a harassed *pater familias* facing a sheaf of papers labelled "Christmas bills." Sometimes it is accompanied by another cartoon in which he mournfully regards the assortment of unwearable neckties and unsmokable cigars that seems to represent his "value received" from those bills. We always smile, but if we have recently sat in at the adjustment of an average family budget to meet the crimp put in it by the December orgy of spending, we understand the bedevilled look on the face of *pater familias*.

We may even know another reason for it. Perhaps he is a dentist or an oculist. In that case people have generally been much too busy during December to attend to their ordinary need of him, and now they are certainly much too distracted with their department store bills to pay any attention to the statements he has sent out. Perhaps he is a doctor or a lawyer, who knows from sad experience that his patients or clients will have had "too much Christmas" to settle with him. If he sells bonds, insurance, or real estate,

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he has not been able to get appointments with prospects. Unless his is a business which profits from Christmas, he has complained nightly that business is slow, and he knows that during the next month he will complain nightly that collections are slow.

THE average man in his position undoubtedly thinks somewhat sourly that the Christmas game is an invention of woman's — a flowering of her diabolic desire to keep life from being settled and comfortable. He may even grumble that if women had to worry about digging up the money they wouldn't be so keen on all this nonsense. Almost certainly he will assert that next year Christmas will be put on a more sensible basis in at least one household.

One sympathizes with him. But his is not the heaviest burden imposed by the Christmas game. Somehow or other he will worry through. When the last bill is paid, he will dismiss the whole matter until next January 2. But about the first of December his wife must begin to make gift lists. Her church expects several hand-made articles for its bazaar. Half of her clubs are having Christmas parties and the other half are giving "benefits". The telephone rings continually with invitations to various festivities. Her own entertaining must be planned. And all the shopping must be got through. Each day the whirl grows more intense.

Much of the Christmas activity has grown into a sort of ritual. This must be done by such a day; that must not be done until exactly three days later. Parcels must be wrapped with so much white tissue paper and so many twirls of fancy twine. However much he worries about bills, *pater familias* is never the one who stands in line at the gift wrapping counter or the postoffice. Neither does he wrestle with the greeting card problem. He merely looks stern when he discovers by the simple method of inquiry that the Smith-Browns were in some way forgotten.

No. If women keep alive the hurly-burly, they also pay more dearly for it.

BUT I seriously doubt if they have had much to do with nursing it up to its present proportions. They like much of its cyclonic activity and are devoted to the custom of family reunions. Most mothers of small children also like treating them to a glorious celebration which they may gleefully anticipate throughout the year. Still, unless my memory of strained faces and half-shamed exclamations has played tricks upon me, increasing numbers of women wonder wearily during the latter half of December if there is not a little madness in the Christmas which America has fashioned for herself. We must go deeper than the witless desire of the female to keep herself up to the ears in work, if we are properly to explain all the hubbub that begins to boil as soon as Thanksgiving is well over and the papers commence to carry the disturbing notice, "Only twenty more shopping days."

May not that notice itself be the best index to the cause of the hubbub? I am told by a friend closely related to a department store management that the Christmas trade equals the combined sales volume of

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the store's three big annual sales. Those three sales are planned for weeks ahead by buyers scouring the markets for "specials" and by advertisers as skilful as the store can get its hands on. Yet the combined sales volume is only equal to that of Christmas! No wonder we are urged to shop. Christmas naturally means Business. By a little judicious spurring it can be made to mean more Business. By turning the whole world somewhat awry during December it can be made to mean Business of a magnitude that simply shames the unimaginative merchandisers of the past.

The stage was all set for just that kind of advertisers' spree. The traditions around Christmas linked up most of the sentiments dear to the human heart — friendship, smoking hearths, reunited family groups, ecstatic children, peace and good will to all mankind. The sanctions of religion tied into it. The Santa Claus myth was one of the prettiest humanity has conceived. The situation was simply made to order for the science of advertising. That it has not been slow to exploit this mine of sentiment is proved by the pages of any newspaper or magazine distributed during December.

A GENERATION ago Christmas in the average home meant a different kind of spending from what it does now. Gifts were less numerous and less expensive, but that was not the chief difference. Then they consisted mostly of toys, candy, books, flowers, and clothing knick-knacks. Such a system of Christmas spending meant that a very few businesses absorbed the trade.

The constant effort of advertising has been to widen the circle of commercial groups which profit from the holiday sentimentality. The slogans, "Buy a gift for the house" and "Give the car a gift" ushered two great industries into the enchanted ring. The rage for greeting cards brought in engravers, printers, and verse-makers, besides opening green bypaths for bookshops and department stores. The new fad for outdoor trees is a bonanza for the electric companies. A gentle little lady of my acquaintance was miserable one Christmas because a company took advantage of her husband's *carte blanche* order for yard decoration to set the front of the house fairly ablaze with blue, red, green, and yellow lights. Think, if that custom becomes general, how rushed the electric companies will be!

Nor is that all.

IN A desperate effort to turn a little of the golden December stream into their own coffers insurance advertisers exhort us to take additional insurance as the best possible gift to our family. Business colleges advise us that a scholarship is the only lifetime gift. Bakeries insist that the one perfect gift is a hostess cake. Sport shops suggest guns and reels. A great bottling works calls attention to the value of its "right merrie drink to add new zest to a well-cooked Christmas dinner." Ice-cream plants announce that special creams and individual moulds are the one thing needful to crown the good cheer. Packing companies want us to include hams in our gift list. Beauty shops insist that a "permanent" is the gift of gifts. The gas company

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spends a half page in urging us to the decency of making "her" kitchen efficient by giving her a new gas range. (The plan of finance is simplicity itself: the payments can go on the monthly gas bill.) The power company suggests an electric washing machine or refrigerator as an ideal gift, assuring us that the down payment is only a trifle.

The most memorable instance I saw of this type of advertising last season was a poster above an electric refrigerator gleaming in solitary majesty in a softly lighted window. The poster said pointedly, "Give the finest little woman in the world a gift worthy of her. Twenty dollars will take it home." I happened to know the price of that refrigerator to be well over two hundred dollars. As I thought of all the "small monthly instalments" the finest little woman would have to juggle her budget to meet, I laughed. Peace on earth, indeed!

Almost as significant was a neat little advertisement of a loan company advising people to condense their Christmas bills by taking out a loan to be repaid in weekly or monthly payments. Another timely suggestion lay in the screaming banner of a large clothing company, "Do your Christmas shopping where your credit is good."

LAST November the credit manager of a jewelry house told me that numbers of people were still paying on their Christmas purchases of the preceding year. "The worst of it is," he said with humorous ruefulness, "that we can't expect to sell them anything this year. They will go to another credit place because they don't like to come back to us until they have cleared up last year's account." I smiled too, but I was conscious of a sudden disgust for the whole crazy system. In eleven months a girl may have completely broken with her sweetheart, may even be married to some one else, but alas, still paying for the forty dollar watch by which she sought to express "the Christmas spirit."

I AM sorry if I have dwelt on this phase of our Christmas game with too much detail. It is certainly not an inspiring picture, but it does illustrate what seems to me barbaric: our insistence that Christmas shall be magnificent, at no matter what cost in confusion and absurdity or what aftermath of worry and disillusionment.

Nor does the situation seem likely to improve soon. Whatever hope of it I may have cherished was badly shaken by a conversation with the president of a department store, who declared bluntly that to men in the mercantile business Christmas is simply harvest time. During that one month of the year, he continued, sales mount until the overhead, though greatly increased, seems almost negligible. People buy and buy of stuff that ordinarily they would hardly even finger longingly.

Yes, he was willing to admit that much of this spending is wasteful, because gift merchandise is largely of a kind that people do not buy for themselves and because it is the rare person who can choose for another the exactly right article. He knew, too, he assured me sympathetically, how I felt about the burden of it, because his wife had been

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complaining that it became heavier each year.

"But," said he, "Christmas is our big opportunity to get in on the family budgets of this trade territory. Competition today is more complex as well as stiffer than it has ever been before. We have to meet not only the old competition with other merchants, but also the buying pull of nonrelated industries. The people in our territory have only so much income. It is up to us to get as large a share of it as we can. Our fiercest competitors are not other department stores, but amusement houses, automobile companies, investment and real estate firms. These all have their good months. Here is one exactly created for us. And as long as advertising will hold it for us, Christmas will go on being 'bigger and better'."

AT THAT point I gathered courage to wonder if Christmas afforded as much actual profit as it seemed to. The toy trade, for instance, is practically concentrated in December, but might not people buy more toys in May and September if Santa Claus were not so lavish? The volume of December business is immense, but January and February are sluggish and dull. Could this slump be in part due to the swollen December sales?

"Positively not," asserted the man of affairs. "It is true that January and February are not good months, but could any one guarantee that they would be if sales did not soar in December? January is the month when people are taking financial stock of themselves and resolving to be more economical. They have finished buying seasonal clothing. The weather is against lively trade. Surely those are reasons enough for the first-of-the-year slump without looking for another in the Christmas rush."

"And yet," I urged, "it's a plain fact, isn't it, that people in general must have January in which to get caught up?"

He agreed. He did better than that. His tone as he added that many of them need February, too, reminded me of the one in which the credit manager had said, "The worst of it is —"

"Well then?" I persisted.

"Well then," he repeated, "Christmas is ours and we wouldn't be human or business-like if we didn't use it for all it is worth to us. I'm sorry if it doesn't seem civilized, for there is every reason to believe that the only change on the horizon is in the direction of greater intensity."

EVER since that interview I have been thinking of this downright way of looking at the matter. It was a sincere attempt to state what are apparently shown by credit and debit records to be good business principles. There was no flaw in the argument. Given a period of inter-industrial competition, this capitalization of sentiment is logical enough. It is also logical to believe that the capitalization will continue to intensify as advertisers become more skilful.

And yet is it not a veritable Wonderland with all the inconsistencies and absurdities that so puzzled and annoyed Alice — this modern world where one set of business men finds

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it profitable to add such an impetus to a month's buying that people can not spend during the next month or two? And is it not still stranger that profit can lie in a course which once each year temporarily upsets the general equilibrium by diverting so much buying power into what are admittedly wasteful channels?

Profit must lie in that procedure. Men who keep accurate records and have their fingers close to the pulse of the economic world declare that it does — for them, at any rate. But to one who makes no pretense of knowing anything about the magic books labelled "cash" and "journal" it all seems very strange. Such a one feels much as Alice must have when the White Queen admonished her to try again, with a little practice she could manage to believe it. He has spells of wishing, before he makes the effort, that some young person getting ready to take a Ph.D. in a School of Business Administration would choose the Christmas Rush for his thesis subject.

That such a study will some time be made I have no doubt. If, when it comes, it shows that the profit accruing from artificially inflated sales volumes in December is not so great as merchants have thought, the whole tenor of the Christmas system will begin to change at once. Business is quick enough to take advantage of whatever scientific findings are placed at its disposal — witness the way it snatched the infant science of psychology from its cradle and put it to work.

MEANTIME Christmas is a problem for individuals to face as best they can. Especially for those individuals who really care about the things for which the season has stood. Neither peace nor good will is to be had from pushing about in throngs of hurried shoppers who do not know what they want but must have something. No love can go into gifts that are bought mechanically and calculatingly. Little joy can go into hospitality that is a strain. No beauty can hallow a senselessly complex ritual that serves no purpose but to make money for the commercial groups which have had the ingenuity to develop new elaborations for it. The more we concentrate upon and organize Christmas, the more it must degenerate into a crazy display of prodigal spending and frenzied activity.

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# The Pilgrim Trust

By Thurston Macauley

*Actions Speak Louder Than Words*

What is so rare as the man — especially if he be politician or editorial writer — who can resist an opportunity some occasion or other affords of quoting such worn out platitudes as "hands across the sea" or "blood is thicker than water" or the like?

And yet the impossible has happened. Edward S. Harkness, a kindly American "blessed with worldly means," has given Britain £2,000,000 — $10,000,000 — "for some of her more urgent needs" and, for once, the platitudes are conspicuous by their absence. This is significant, for an eloquent silence can surely be worth a million trite words of praise. There are times — and this is one of them — when people are too deeply stirred to be able to give full expression to what is in their hearts and minds.

The former Premier, Stanley Baldwin, gave formal notification of the Pilgrim Trust, founded to administer this most generous gift, in a letter to *The Times* (London) of September 29. There are no strings attached to it, the only condition being that the discretion of the five trustees selected by Mr. Harkness is defined by the legal limits of the word "charitable."

The observation in *The Spectator* that "never has a donor displayed more thorough confidence in the wisdom of the recipient, and never has a donor by sincere compliment suggested more gracefully that the recipient is the better partner in a friendship," is amply borne out in the preamble to the Trust Deed, in these words:

> Whereas it is acknowledged by all that Great Britain in the War spent her resources freely in the common cause, and, in the years that have elapsed since Peace, has sustained, honorably and without complaint, a burden which has gravely increased the difficulties of life for her people; and Whereas by the bounty of Providence America has of late enjoyed an ample measure of prosperity and the donor himself has been blessed with worldly means; and Whereas the donor feels himself bound by many ties of affection to the land from which he draws his descent; and Whereas it seems to him that it is right for a private American citizen to show his admiration of what Britain has done by a gift to be used for some of her more urgent needs; and Whereas he is in hopes that such a gift, wisely applied, may assist not only in tiding over the present time of difficulty, but in promoting her future well-being —

Nowhere is Mr. Harkness's unerring judgment better seen than in his choice of trustees — Mr. Baldwin, Lord Macmillan, Sir James

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Colquhoun Irvine, principal of St. Andrew's University, Sir Josiah Stamp, a leading financier and administrator, and John Buchan, M.P., a well known writer with wide experience in public affairs. They will be ably assisted by Tom Jones, who resigned from his post as Deputy Secretary to the British Cabinet to take up his duties as secretary of the Trust.

"What will be done with the money is impossible to say," was Lord Macmillan's reply to the bombardment of questions after the gift was made known. "We are simply on the threshold of the project. Mr. Harkness has given us a free hand and we can use the money for any purpose covered by the word 'charitable' in its legal sense. Charity, in law, covers almost everything."

SCARCELY had the first announcement been made when appeals for assistance of every conceivable sort began to pour in at the London headquarters of the Pilgrim Trust — an Eighteenth Century Adams house that has just been taken over in a quiet Adelphi street, not a stone's throw from that Terrace long associated with Barrie and Shaw.

No decision is expected to be taken by the trustees concerning particular cases for some time yet to come, their first meetings having to do with the general policy along which the fund will be distributed. Mr. Baldwin intends to give much of his mind and time to the project.

Apart from the terms of the gift, the only clue to the use of the fund is the report that the trustees are said to view with favor the expenditure of considerable sums to enable promising students of either sex to have the advantage of a university education, and also to enable graduate students to undertake research work in any department of learning and in any land. Mr. Harkness's many benefactions to education, both in America and in Britain, are, I feel, sufficiently well known to need no enumeration here. The name of Harkness is, perhaps, best known here in England through the Commonwealth Fund, established in 1918 by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness — Mr. Harkness's mother — to give selected men and women from Britain and the Dominions the opportunity of two years' contact with the life of the United States in its universities.

IN ADDITION to education, the fields that lie open to the Pilgrim Trustees include medicine — the endowment of research into the origin of such diseases as cancer — social and industrial experiments, such as might alleviate unemployment or help in the solution of housing problems; the preservation of those "ancient monuments" which Americans especially delight in that are in danger of instability, and the maintenance generally of the beauties of the English countryside by keeping them from modern encroachments — indeed, the possibilities are legion.

Mr. Baldwin concluded his notification of the Trust with this statement: "We are confident that this splendid benefaction, inspired by such a purpose, will be received with the warmest gratitude by our countrymen." To which *The Times*, in an editorial, added its own comment thus:

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In the nature of things it can not be easy to find a collective voice to express authentically the spontaneity and warmth of a myriad individual responses to today's announcement, but Mr. Baldwin's concluding assurance can be taken literally. This splendid benefaction will be received by his countrymen with unqualified gratitude.

*The Spectator* has remarked — "if we may read between the lines of American comment" — on the surprise caused by the Pilgrim Trust having received less publicity here in Britain than in the donor's own country, the reverse of which might naturally have been expected, adding: "Nothing could be more unhappy — or more untrue, for the matter of that — than a belief in the United States that the British people have not been startled into deep gratitude not merely by the magnitude but by the whole character of Mr. Harkness's gift." Then follow some observations on "the quiet and apparently casual ways of this country" in so far as the press is concerned.

A WRITER in *The Landmark*, monthly magazine of the English-Speaking Union of the British Empire, sees in the Pilgrim Trust "the most dramatic aid for years to the cause of Anglo-American understanding." And Lord Reading, presiding at a recent dinner of the English-Speaking Union in London, confessed that he was touched by "the evidence of Mr. Harkness as one of America's citizens who had understood, perhaps better than we sometimes think, what is taking place in this country."

Another speaker at this same dinner, which I happened to attend, was John Drinkwater, the distinguished dramatist, who made certain acute observations on the problem of understanding between the peoples of the United States and Britain, which, he said, presented a curious difficulty.

"IN AMERICA, you will find a great many uneducated people — there are uneducated people even in America — who talk stupidly about England," Mr. Drinkwater went on to say. "That is not a very serious matter, because it is merely a case of not having been shown better about it. It is not nearly so serious a matter as another circumstance, which is, that in England you find a great many *educated* people talking stupidly about America. One does meet constantly educated people, people of, shall we say, culture and refinement, people with some historical knowledge and philosophic understanding, who talk about America just as the 'boneheads' in America talk about England. That is a grave problem. That is on this side the gravest issue in the problem."

I have deemed it not inappropriate to include these remarks made by Mr. Drinkwater here for two reasons: because, unfortunately, they are true (which I can testify to from my own experience as an American in London), and, what is most important, because I feel it will be largely by the means of such a significant factor in the relationships of two peoples as the Pilgrim Trust that they will cease to be true.

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# The City of the Future

By Arthur Dewing

*The last of a series of three articles describing the public's architectural rights*

Each year swells the number of educated men and women who have elected to spend their lives within the four walls of an office. The percentage likely ever to rise beyond the $5,000 to $10,000 a year class of minor executives is almost negligible. In addition to these are millions of clerks and other workers who constitute the floating business population. Except for brief vacations, short week-ends, occasional holidays, and their evenings, the world these people know is the office where they work. America is becoming a nation of indoor workers without its builders, in general, recognizing the new obligation this change in life entails.

The last ten or fifteen years, to be sure, have brought advances in the plans of skyscrapers. For instance, we have come a long way from the irregular and badly lighted and ventilated entrance halls and corridors of earlier tall office buildings. Architects now realize that opportunity for free movement within the skyscraper itself is a dominating factor in the building's success. Entrance halls are deep, well lighted and airy; corridors wide and straight; few occupants of the best buildings have to walk more than one hundred feet to reach a battery of elevators — express and locals. But such achievements make ever clearer how much can still be done to improve the living conditions and the everyday surroundings of inhabitants of skyscrapers — the environment which for modern man has superseded fields, trees, streams and sunlight.

The typical modern office, with its cream walls, gaunt windows, standardized and marshaled furnishings, is at best a dismal place in which to confine a man for life. High salaried executives, in tacit recognition, see to it that their private offices are equipped with comforts and so decorated as to be congenial and inviting. Why should not the surroundings of the rank and file of white collar workers — that growing portion of the population which is rapidly becoming, if it is not now, the dominant public of the United States — be made more pleasing, more interesting, more beautiful as well?

Often architects have no hand in the furnishing of office buildings,

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but architects can hardly shunt responsibility for the windows and the walls. Windows in skyscrapers do not have to be grim and obtrusive, as Ralph Walker's prove. Nor has color received from designers the study its importance merits. Though color is one of the most active influences on the human mind, and though virtually the only color a modern city dweller knows is artificially created, the number of designers of all kinds in America who have studied color scientifically until they thoroughly understand its use could probably be counted on both hands. Neither cold white nor drab cream is the best color for walls with which men are going to live. If architects, instead of assuming knowledge of all art's multifarious phases, would diligently study such special fields as color, or else consult specialists like Robert Andrews of Chicago, they might find themselves improving astonishingly the morale of the organizations for which they build.

Quite apart from the white collar worker's social right to the best surroundings modern business can provide, the standard of his work naturally and inevitably bears a direct relation to his instinctive satisfaction with, his immanent enjoyment of, his environment, and the opportunities which it affords. Most certainly understanding this relation, a large corporation, now planning a skyscraper of its own, intends to equip its new building with comfortable rest rooms, complete restaurant facilities, and even recreation rooms for its employees. Why should not improved conditions of the white collar workers be an integral part of every new office building? Why should there not, at least, be terraces among the set-backs (as on skyscrapers devoted to apartments) where some workers could go at noon for fresh air and sunshine instead of out upon crowded streets? Why should not every office building be equipped, on an upper story, with first rate restaurants where luncheon could be had in relative peace? These or similar advantages for the workers must be brought about if man is to rule industry rather than industry rule the mental besides the physical destiny of man.

It is madness to build in a way which endorses the preposterous theory that industry is more important than mankind. Man, rather, in so far as possible, should be liberated from our frantic modern industry which in a century or so of life has not yet found a goal. Because man works to live it does not follow that he lives to work, or that he should be subordinated to whatever other men, intent on always keeping busy with never leisure to reflect, choose to produce. Industrialism can justify itself only if it improves man's material existence and at the same time, by decreasing the individual's share of necessary toil, gives man more sheer joy of life and more time to cultivate leisure and the arts. Ironically, nowhere has the modern irrational fixity on output irrespective of results reacted against man more clearly than in building, which he originally began to satisfy one of his most fundamental needs.

In examining the relation of the

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common citizen to the new way of building, the skyscraper, a form only dreamed of by a few men a half century ago, we have advanced certain opinions which should be reviewed if the full significance of the largest single architectural undertaking in many years is to be understood.

BRIEFLY, we have found the very essence of the skyscraper to be concentration, specialization, and up-to-date services and conveniences possessed mutually by its occupants. We have seen the skyscraper as a necessary part of modern American industry and city life, but one whose function is so revolutionary that this new kind of building requires new means of regulation, and new plans for streets as well as for itself. We have suggested that as the skyscraper economically owes its existence to its power to serve the public, to the public's willingness to accept the new way of living it entails, and to the public's savings which directly or indirectly supply a large part of the money used in its construction, the public has a new and vital right to thoughtful consideration from architects and builders. And we have expressed the belief that to date the public has not received its due, that in general more attention has been and is being paid to height, speed of construction and output than to developing skyscrapers admirably suited to the needs of common citizens, of the city and district in which the skyscrapers stand, and of the city of the future. That nebulous city, of which the skyscraper will inevitably be the salient feature, and which has afforded Hugh Ferriss subjects for some of his most striking drawings, is not without beginnings at this time.

The announced plans for the Rockefeller New York entertainment centre (Reinhard and Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray; Raymond Hood, Godley and Fouilhoux: architects) which is to occupy three square blocks between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, at an estimated cost of some $250,000,000, introduce "new standards of city planning," as the authorized statement published in *The New York Times* asserts. This city within the city is to be a "complete architectural unit" which will include a sixty-story office building, four great theatres, and possibly a symphony hall, twenty-seven broadcasting studios, a multitude of offices and shops, a garden plaza that will cut through the development from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first Street, and a grand corridor from Fifth to Sixth Avenue.

THE central structure, an oval building of moderate height, will front Fifth Avenue, on its roof will be a restaurant, and the entire building will be encircled by an outdoor promenade. This central building will extend westward to the garden plaza, the width of which will almost equal the length of a city block, and throughout which statuary, garden plots and fountains are to be interspersed. The sixty-story office building will extend from the west side of the plaza through to Sixth Avenue, tower above the whole development, and be connected with the other office buildings by the

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grand corridor, about three stories in height.

"The streets surrounding the new development will be widened to give the new structures fronting them more light and air, to provide better curb facilities for shops and buildings, and to add to the beauty of the whole architectural unit. Transportation arteries from every direction will lead to and from this new radio city, but the traffic problem will be reduced to a minimum by huge underground bus terminals and by subterranean parking arrangements that will take care of many thousands of cars and form underground boulevards for automobile traffic."

SUCH a conception, if executed as outlined in the published report, may well be the beginning of the cities America's best architects have long visioned. But despite its promise, notwithstanding the superiority of its plans to those customary in the production of new skyscrapers, it should be regarded as a beginning only.

For one thing, the future city, if American architecture turns modern invention to its ends, will have new materials for the walls of America's new type of building. A hundred years ago no one thought of building indefinitely upward. The only method of doing so would have been by the construction of impossibly cumbrous and expensive masonry walls. The steel skeleton gave architecture literally a new direction, and individual buildings new forms. As a facing for the skeleton man naturally turned to masonry with which he had so long been familiar. That he should continue to employ masonry for this purpose is neither to be expected nor hoped.

Frank Lloyd Wright, some time back, designed a building to be constructed with walls entirely of metal and of glass. That the future should bring, in place of masonry, a substance which could be a functional part of the skeleton, a substance which would admit light but not excessive heat, and which would permit those on the inside to see out but not those on the outside to see in, is no wilder a conjecture, if men put their minds to it, than proposals for automobiles, airplanes or radios would have seemed a century or so ago. There is little, one is tempted to believe in view of modern science, ultimately beyond the powers of man's invention. And should such a material come to be, if not before, artificial illumination might at night convert tall buildings into splendid beacons of many different and often changing hues, bringing back to man the color that the smoke of industry has driven from his buildings and in a large measure from his life.

WITH pedestrian and motor traffic separated, with skyscrapers specialized as to function, with ever improving conveniences for the occupants, with larger base areas and bigger towers but wider spaces between them to admit greater shafts of air and light and broader vistas, and with a non-partisan planning board constantly examining prevailing conditions and striving to improve them from the public's point of view, the city of the future may be a better place to live in than any that the world has known.

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How, then, can it be brought about — even in part?

The best start would be free speech. While professional critics judge music, paintings, books — every other kind of art — new buildings are opened amidst fanfares of blatant enthusiasm or noncommittal silence. The general press confines its comments principally to news of real estate. The architectural magazines, edited for the profession, observe the architect's unwritten law — never publicly to condemn another's work. Architecture is unique among the arts for its complete lack of thorough criticism. Why? A skyscraper is regarded as a form of business enterprise, and derogatory criticism of any specific building can result in suit, as *The New Yorker* learned.

But a skyscraper, we have remarked, houses thousands of people and directly affects millions more. Architects like to be known as artists, and builders employ publicity agents to insure the appearance of praise for their new skyscrapers in the public press. Not without reason, architects and builders may sometimes be glad criticism is suppressed; but such fear can in no way justify the general silence about buildings widely disliked. For architects and builders to guard their work from free and vigorous criticism would be amusing were not such protection, in its reaction against the public, grossly unjust.

In a population of more than 100,000,000 persons is it likely that there are not 500 fitted to comment fairly upon architecture? There would be incompetents — of course, as in other fields of art and criticism, as among architects and builders. But in architectural criticism such incompetents could cause little harm to anything except the name of criticism itself. If anyone thinks that the interested public, that is, those people who care what their buildings are like, those people who beside (let us hope) architects and builders would read the criticism, that such people would follow the printed word solely, he should eavesdrop on his neighbors in galleries and museums, and also inquire whether his acquaintances ever enjoy books or plays literary or dramatic critics have condemned. A skyscraper is obvious enough, and can be inspected gratis: no critic could make the public call it bad — if it were good.

Life today moves too rapidly for many of those concerned with production or marketing in any field to have time for the analytical reflection the best work demands. Consequently the critic, watching trends, estimating past and present work, pointing the way by relating both to the future, has a more vital function than he ever heretofore enjoyed. In architecture, specifically, a free and vigorous criticism could estimate each new skyscraper in terms of its effect on the public, the city, the district, the square, and, in so far as possible, the future. It might prod builders into a realization of the public's architectural rights, and even city governments into beginning reconstruction of the public's antiquated streets. It could certainly gain wider recognition for good work, yet it would constantly reiterate what the public needed next. And in

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this way, as well as by pitilessly denouncing building for profit at the expense of beauty and convenience, a free architectural criticism could take the lead in the urgent tasks of diminishing the proportion of bad architecture, and of giving substance to that now long-heralded city of the future which today, in spite of the public's need and its evident beginnings, is too often regarded as an unachievable Utopia, the stuff of idle dreams.

The city of the future can not rise tomorrow, but it can evolve rationally as each new building is erected if architect and builder recognize their responsibility to the public — the public's architectural rights. In spite of die-hards, the responsibility of business to its workers and its customers is increasingly admitted. It remains for the architect and builder to accept the same responsibility and build for the best interests of the new populations of our cities. The world, especially America, is on the move, is speeded up by modern industry and science almost beyond most men's power to comprehend. Unless leaders find time to give the common man's incessant activity social direction, chaos results, as America's cities already show. Today America is building. This is the time, if ever, for her so to build that the condition of her citizens is improved in proportion to the recent increase in the nation's wealth. That this can be accomplished with the skyscraper while maintaining the speed of production modern industry requires, progressive American architects and business interests have demonstrated beyond doubt. But only when this principle rules building in America will the new skyscraper architecture fulfill its youthful promise and keep pace with the best tendencies of the times.

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# Cobwebs of Antiquity

By Montrose J. Moses

*A Plea for Folk Basis in American Drama*

I had a conversation at one time with an historian who was writing an introduction for a group of pictures dealing with the American Theatre. "What I'm going to do," he said enthusiastically, "is to begin with the Indian rituals, and show how the American drama sprang from them." I hated to spoil that man's enthusiasm, I hated to disrupt his academic love of tracing phenomena from the seed to the flower, I hated to have to confess that there was no such basic beginning to American drama, despite the fact that the Indians have their corn dances, their war and death ceremonies, their hymns to the rising sun, and their reverence for Manito.

I gave this man long arguments about the dependence of the American theatre on Britain; I outlined for him the joy with which Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer — our early but famous theatre managers — ransacked the farce trash-baskets of France and Germany, and refurbished the flimsy situations for American consumption. "But certainly," he argued, "our native actors must have learned something of costuming and make-up from the Indian!" I bethought me of Edwin Forrest's gaudy headdress as Metamora, and the long row of cigar Indian imitations I had seen in the weak line of Western dramas, which used to be called typically American, and I smiled.

This smile was met by a sharp retort. "Look at Eugene O'Neill's masks in *The Great God Brown;* surely here one finds traces of the Indian ceremonial masks." I wonder if O'Neill ever thought, when he wrote that play, of the Choctaws and the Eries. I don't believe so. I think he was nearer Æschylus than the Chief of the Crowfeet. I really don't think he considered either. I feel that he was seeking for new ways of expressing new psychological states rather than of reviving any old custom or making use of any native decoration.

No, as much as I should like to find a folklore basis for the American drama, I can detect no basis at all before the beginning of the so-called renaissance in our theatre. Then a self-conscious realization of the poverty of our foundations made us go back to the soil, and it is only recently that the strictly native drama has begun to flourish.

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Drama is not folk speech; it is folk passion, and in contemplating the peculiar way of expressing that passion, one gets to the bone of local life and local outlook. A few "Ahs" for "I" will not make a Southern play any more than "by goshes" scattered through the dialogue make a New England play.

AUGUSTIN DALY once declared that merely because George Henry Boker wrote a tragedy on *Francesca da Rimini* was no reason that he should not be regarded as an American dramatist. The humanity in this drama, Daly contended, was the same humanity rampant in the mountains of Kentucky. All of which is begging the question. Foreigners who came over to visit us in the early years went back and said our manners were those of the Indians; all the more reason, therefore, that our New York social dramas should assume the manners of Mayfair, just to show the English that we knew a drawing-room when we met one. That point of view doesn't worry me about the American theatre. But what does seem a shame is that for so many decades, though we have made stabs at depicting Yankee types, and cowboys and miners and mountaineers, we really didn't seem to know them. We let slip their folk quality. Our drama in the past has touched the soil as lightly as we touch it when, by train, we roll from one State to another. Our dramatists have become as nonchalant as that about it. Even in Jim Tully's *Outside Looking In* it didn't very much matter where the action ventured, though specific indications gave the locale as North Dakota and Montana. The only thing that counted was that it was somewhere West.

There is no more significant date in American letters than the year of the publication of *Uncle Remus*. There was, in this collection of tales, a mixture of folklore and of creative art that set something going in the American mind. From about 1882, the American soil began to tremble and bear fruit. New England, the Kentucky Mountains, the Southern Negro, the South itself, were discovered literarily, taken from the mists of conventionalized romanticism, and looked at with a sympathetically realistic eye. This soil was the true basis for a folk literature, but, unfortunately, for some years to come, no American theatre was built on that soil, eager to claim it.

WE MADE faint stabs at the prairie soul in *The Great Divide;* we showed a Bret Harte loyalty in Belasco's *The Girl of the Golden West;* we romanticised without a spark of reality and truth about the mountaineer in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine;* our Negro conception was not up-from-slavery but still down-at-slavery in slow, drawling, insignificant Southern war plays. Even our sense of dialogue peculiar to locality was rather weak. The cry against Uncle Remus was that he was hard to read. We became impatient whenever the native stuff of value began to raise its head. Those who didn't like the New England stories of Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett — forerunners of such a play as *The Detour* — called them drab and plain level; the reading public were still hankering after Lords and Ladies. That is why they

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read so persistently the paper backed novels of the Duchess. *The Arundel Motto* and *Lady Audley's Secret* for them!

What we had to contend with in the theatre was that our civilization was a transplanted one. Though our physical experience was native, our mental trappings were inherited, and our spiritual backgrounds were traditional. Columbus might take the Indian gold and the Indian land; Britain and France might fight the Indians or woo them as allies; but neither Spain, Britain nor France could buy the Indian background, the Indian inheritance. The Department of the Interior may today approach the Indian as citizen, but the folk quality, the tribal guardianship of tradition, is inviolate in the tribe itself. We might bring the Negro from Africa and enslave him; we might free him and economically make him a part of American life; but the tribal inheritance of the Negro was and is his own; the angle of vision is his own; his psychology is in his dance and gesture and speech.

THE Negro gave a picturesque addition to plantation life in the South; his paternalistic comfort somewhat compensated for his moral degradation. His folk tradition began to flower on Southern soil; his picturesque tribal differences were evident in the rice fields of South Carolina and in the canebrakes of Louisiana. The Southern kitchen rang with the hymns of the cook; the Southern cotton fields swung with the communal songs of the cotton pickers; the banjo was a recrudescence of tribal music. For an instant the theatre reached out for this phenomenon and Negro Minstrelsy was the result. It was provocative of a sincere creativeness. But the fault with minstrelsy was that it did not remain true to its basic origin, a fault characteristic of so much of our American drama. We soon found the black-faced minstrel singing Irish love songs. All that is left of the halcyon days of minstrelsy is the old plantation lyric.

WHAT is really happening in the American theatre is this: nearly three hundred years after its beginning in this country, it has started building its native foundations. The planter settler didn't write *Hiawatha;* he was more likely to rest from his labors — as in the case of George Sandys — by sitting down in the primæval forest and translating Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. We are now resurrecting what we should have taken cognizance of long ago. Sculptors are picturing our broad-breasted pioneer mothers, who never were recreated on our stage as they should have been; mural painters are coloring panoramas of our national youth which the theatre ignored as material for drama; the folk song musician is recording spirituals and chanties and mining songs which have only now and then filtered through into our *entr'act* music and the radio. We have been inclined to let our native dramatic material go to waste.

And the curious thing is that we have realized our shortcomings with a benign indifference. Whenever we meet with the real thing in the theatre we thrill over its sincerity, its picturesqueness, its richness of human interpretation, its rightness as truth. Out in South Dakota, down in North

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Carolina, far across to California, Professor Frederick Koch has told the ambitious drama student: "Don't write about Piccadilly, where you have never been, or about Fifth Avenue, which is not your Main Street. But write what you know around you, make use of the soil beneath your feet, of the tradition in your heart, of the struggle in your soul, of the breath of your hills. Sing not the syncopation of Irving Berlin but the age-old crooning songs that have come from generation to generation down your family life."

THERE are many like Koch who have become conscious of how far from the soil the American theatre has travelled. Susan Glaspell, Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, DuBose Heyward, and now Marc Connelly have shown us the harvest ahead of us. I can't connect — as that Professor wanted me to — the beginnings of our theatre with the tomahawk, though I believe our literary artist has foolishly denied the tragic significance of that weapon. It does seem to me a sad commentary that all the theatre of the past could draw from the clanking chains of slavery was the melodramatic lithograph of a dramatized *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which slid, by the way, in locality from Kentucky to New Orleans.

Even if no one had thought of the significance of *The Green Pastures* as a milestone in the history of American drama, that play could not have done other than grip attention by its sweeping sincerity and its folk humor and dignity. But when I witnessed it, I was additionally entranced, for I saw in this visualization of simple minds a gorgeous utilization of those things at our very threshold which the American theatre has so blindly ignored. Paul Green's *In Abraham's Bosom*, Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, the Heywards' *Porgy* and now *The Green Pastures* are to the theatre what Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus* was to American literature of 1882.

WHETHER it was Harris sitting on a fence rail noting down the faithful tone of Negro dialect with the essence of its picturesque music and rhythmic peculiarities; whether it was John Synge, the Irish poet-dramatist, with his ear to the floor, in an upper room in the Aran Islands, secretly noting the psychological tenseness of a strange people; whether it was Percy Mackaye in the mountains of Kentucky, consorting daily with the fiddler, the mountain patriarch or the granny, the heritage of folk culture can not be drawn from the air. It has either to be lived near and absorbed gradually, or else it has to be obtained by intensive observation. Lulu Vollmer lived in the pine section of North Carolina before writing *Sun-Up*. Marc Connelly went through certain counties in Louisiana with Roarke Bradford to meet the unsophisticated plantation or field Negro who still believes as those in *The Green Pastures* believe. Such life sap, which has rarely entered the American theatre, is not a superficial element — though some dramatists try to pour it in as though it were treacle. Our playwrights strive to model a drama after the manner of Werfel's *The Goat Song* and Teller's *Man and the Masses*, without experiencing any of the social indignation, the revolutionary

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Communism which these men have thrilled under as they wrote.

I remember one noon hour in Thomas A. Edison's laboratory. I had called by appointment on a business matter, and fortunately found him alone by his work table, with a regular dinner pail before him, eating his lunch. We talked of many things, and he told me of a trip he made among the Kentucky mountains in his first Ford car — the first automobile ever seen in that region. The natives, wherever he went, crowded around him in utter amazement and profound awe; for the machine was diabolical to them, just as the caravels were to the natives when Columbus hove into sight. Mr. Edison said that they stood there talking the object over, fingering it gingerly, and asking questions in a patois which was as new to him as the car was new to them. "I heard Elizabethan speech in all its untouched richness," he said. "These folks might never have been in America for all they cared about our contractions of speech and our vulgarizations."

IT IS this near approach that is lacking in so much of our American drama, this handling directly the material which so many dramatists glibly elect to treat. "I will write a Western play," says the man in Connecticut, and the nearest he has come to the West is the movies. One has to fall under the magic spell and note how far short one's imitative response is to the actual thing. Walter Eaton once described with some acumen the reaction of five men from different sections of the country, suddenly coming to the top of a high peak in the Yellowstone at a time when the sun was coloring everything with unspeakable glow. They felt it, but had to give expression in their own particular ways. It is that flow of American life through and over one that is lacking in the American theatre.

I SOMETIMES wonder whether our playwrights are aiming to do anything more than write plays: they are not spiritual-minded; they are not political-minded; they are not really deep-minded on any subject. But they have creative exuberance, and a pleasant facility and that goes a far way with the box-office. But as they come into this new field, the folk quality is making them more consistent-minded about the condition they deal with. So it is in every other field of American art. The musical interpretation of *Skyscrapers*, of Lindbergh's *We*, show that the new rhythms of American life are finding musical expression. Our architects are aiming to interpret the American scene, to measure the American energy, to carve the American incident in stone. Mass living and mass production are finding measure in mass building. The Los Angeles and San Diego architects are not concerned with Colonial structures; the Connecticut builder would think out of place the hacienda type of dwelling. New State capitols are designed to represent State tradition in history, in climate, in verdure. Even our Little Theatres are so pictured.

The same spirit is besetting the American drama, and it is from this standpoint that the Professor I have spoken of should have started his investigations. I have shown where the Negro is being duly exploited. Sec-

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tional life is being painted with rare detail. I do not mean that speech is being phonetically recorded. However deep Mrs. Heyward's knowledge of the Gullah language of the Charleston Negro, it did not obtrude itself in *Porgy*. But I am certain that while studying this language, she was forced to look deeper into the life of this curious tribe. Dialogue should not be clogged with local peculiarities, not easily heard or distinguished across the footlights.

IN PLEADING for this folk quality in American drama, I am not asking our dramatists to be provincial. The Manchester school of playwrights, the Birmingham group, the Irish Dublin crowd, gave us more than local condition in their dramas. They gave us material common to all countries facing economic problems. But they gave us something they knew as intimately as Blackmore knew the sweeping spaces of *Lorna Doone;* they gave us something as profoundly human as the stories of Eden Phillpots, whose *The Three Brothers* should be better known. Joseph Hergesheimer showed us epic soil condition in *The Three Black Pennys* and in *Java Head;* Frank Norris dealt with soil in *The Octopus;* Ellen Glasgow selected rich Virginia condition in *The Inheritance;* James Lane Allen gave us spiritual phlegm in *The Reign of Law;* Hawthorne an entire Puritan state of mind in *The Scarlet Letter;* Edith Wharton New England concentrated in *Ethan Frome*. There is not much of this same quality to show in American drama. We are just beginning.

Locality is something deeper than a street address. The curious thing is that, just as the drug and tobacco companies have branches all over the United States, so localities as far as human characteristics are concerned have a habit of cropping up in all directions of the compass. George Kelly's Aubrey Piper, with his vacuous conceit, is not peculiar to West Philadelphia, with his *Show-Off* finery: I've seen him in New England and also below the Mason and Dixon line. But he is a type that, wherever he is, attaches himself very meticulously to the neighborhood, and your dramatist must know it. The genius of George Kelly is that he understands his neighborhood, its folklore.

CURIOUSLY, I have found many dramatists at sea as to where they did actually lay their scene: probably they thought "on the stage" was the real objective! "Somewhere in the Middle West," they have said. That's a big contract, and requires the consumption of much gasoline to find the way. And after you have found it, it doesn't matter much to the play, which might have been laid as well in Antarctica as in East Aurora for all the relationship that existed between the characters and their background. "My play deals with any small city people," says another. So the stage directions generally run: "A colonial room," "a university town," "a deserted farm house," "Long Island," "the East Side," "a tenement."

Clyde Fitch once wrote a play called *The Girl and the Judge*. It was laid in a Western State merely because the incident on which the plot was based was told him by a friend who was a Probate Judge in a West-

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ern town. Very few of our dramatists have ever been identified with a definite locality. To mention George Ade is to recall the Hoosier land; to suggest George Cohan conjures up the one and only Broadway. Speak of Bret Harte and California is the echo (even though some Californians scorn him). Refer to George Cable (not too loudly if you happen to be in New Orleans) and he curiously is the only literary prophet of the fascinating Creole life.

THERE is a group of younger men in the theatre, who like Paul Green — rooted to North Carolina — point to local attachment. As an interesting verification of my contention that coming down to bed rock of American life means contact, I see that, in the Theatre Guild plans for the coming season, a play by Glen Riggs, entitled *Green Grow the Lilacs*, will require the stage director's presence in Oklahoma to study Western manner. Note how quickly the directors react to the broad poetic sweep of anything fundamentally basic — either in soil or in racial custom. Could there be anything more compelling than Mamoulian's handling of the scenes in *Porgy*, than Connelly's depiction of the children coming out of bondage in *The Green Pastures*, than the Emperor Jones's reversion to tribal fear in the forest? We have asked constantly in the past years for a poetic drama in our American theatre. This new realization of the inner flow of life is giving it to us.

And what are we finding in this folk quality? That there is a universality in the poetic glamour of folklore; that this poetry is bringing back to the stage, with the aid of scenic design and direction, a certain flow of words that give to the actor more scope; that allow him to rise above the mere reserve of ordinary conversation. Notice this in most of Eugene O'Neill's plays. There is a universal appeal in any folk basis which somehow lifts the play out of its definite locale, and makes it available to all countries.

We are greatly mistaken when we approach this local matter with the idea that all plays of foreign tinge must be brought within our own territorial vision. We saw how deplorably wrong the attempt was to turn Gorky's *The Lower Depths* into American colloquial slang: to temper the Russian temperament. And if *At the Bottom* (as they called it) appealed at all, it was because, first, there is a quality to the play, written from the depths of a burning Russian soul, which could not be disturbed by such surface depredations; and secondly, because the Russian director put his hand upon the pulse meaning of the drama and never lost it. You can't kill the real native thing.

YET we and other nations have always tried to do it. I remember when Colonel Henry W. Savage returned to America, after successfully bidding for *The Merry Widow* in Vienna. He made a statement then regarding America: "We will never have a real native musical comedy here," he declared, "because we have no picturesque native peasantry." In the economic sense we may not have a peasantry; but we have hosts of unused native characters that still are available to the dramatist searching for material.

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American life holds the worker, and all work invites its own special passions. The fact is that our dramatists have never tried very seriously to dig into the heart of American character and catch its saga. And this is what the Russians always have done, whether it is the saga of the dying aristocracy as in Chekhov, or the saga of incompetency as in Gorky.

I am not pleading for our dramatists to be finicky in this matter of giving every play a local habitation. We find no Indian war paint in Walt Whitman, but a consciousness of a common urge in a young democracy. We find no blatant Americanism in Emerson, yet he showed us our American soul. It is that consciousness which Dvořák suggested in his *The New World* symphony, wherein he made use of Negro spirituals. Locality is not wholly a matter of peculiar speech. We do not want plays that need glossaries. We do not wish our actors taught race phonetics. Maeterlinck, not able to speak English, learned his first American lecture by a phonetic system, and broke down dismally. Eliza Doolittle, in Shaw's *Pygmalion*, taught to be a lady by accent as well as by manner, when she was overcome with natural feeling threw to the four winds all she had learned, and reverted to the life and manner she knew. Under such strong emotion the basic life returns. And my contention is that if our American dramatists wrote more often out of strong emotion, they would realize that locality, climate, tradition, play not a little, inconsiderable part in the lives of the people they are writing about.

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# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IF THIS number of the Landscape sounds a bit tired it is because the Landscaper has just been indulging in some severe mental exercise. He has spent three hours in the smoking room of the good ship *Europa* trying to explain Prohibition to a Spaniard and a Greek, both men of good will and very friendly to America, but both puzzled beyond words by what they had seen of the liquor situation in New York. It is not possible to realize what a tangled question Prohibition really is until one tries to reduce it to simple and understandable terms, and especially to justify it in the slightest degree to foreigners who are accustomed to seeing every one drink and no one drunk. How well the Landscaper made out with his task it would be difficult to say, but add to the original burden the handicap of the necessity of trying to make the explanation in Spanish and French, and the resulting fatigue should be easy to understand. Most troublesome of all it is to attempt to explain how a nation looked upon as intelligent and progressive — the leader of the modern world — can continue to put up with so complete a farce as Prohibition. Both Spaniard and Greek assured the Landscaper that they had had anything they wished to drink from the moment of their arrival in the United States, and one of them spoke no English!

Of course, this has very little to do with literature. But it has a good deal to do with life, and even a Landscaper has to emerge occasionally from the seclusion of a cabin piled high with books to look about him; to sniff the good salt air and warm himself in the summer breezes from the Gulf Stream. And to consider his fellow man; to watch the other passengers and speculate about them and to listen when they talk, always opening new vistas of personality. Usually, too, there is spy work to be done on board ship to see what people are reading. This time, only one book has been sighted, a detective novel. The Landscaper has no explanation for the absence of reading matter, although from the reports of publishers during the early weeks of the autumn few books were bought for farewell presents, or for any other purpose. . . . The majority of the passengers are probably too eager to get back to their homes in Germany to bother about the diversions of reading; besides, at the rate most

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people read, there is hardly time to start a novel on one of these sea-going expresses before Cherbourg is sighted.

### *An Abundance of Books*

THERE are many good books available just now; the promise of the early fall season has been amply justified, and no one in search of inexpensive and satisfactory Christmas presents need look any further than the nearest bookstore — not drug store. Or if this number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW does not reach the reader's hands in time to be of assistance at Christmas, New Year's remains; for that matter, no real excuse is needed at any time to give books. Almost any one beyond the age of thirty or thirty-five is sure to be pleased, for example, with *Pre-War America*, the third volume of Mark Sullivan's remarkable history of the United States, the general title of which is *Our Times*. The new book covers the years between 1906 and 1908, although it rambles backward and forward; like its predecessors it is pieced together from innumerable scraps, bits of popular songs, fads, news stories, the weight of William Howard Taft, and what have you. The illustrations are from contemporary cartoons, portraits and advertisements, and they add enormously to the interest of the volume. It is even conceivable that the younger generation might enjoy this book, thinking with the slightly fiendish delight of all younger generations what a quaint lot their elders must have been in those days of long ago. Two and a half decades, actually, and what changes! Even if one isn't at all certain that the world moves in a forward direction, it manages to change its face pretty completely in these days in no time at all. Mr. Sullivan's book, which is published by Scribners at $5, deserves a triple-star.

### *A Great and Wicked City*

FOR those who enjoy dipping even further into our past, Edward Van Every has furnished delightful entertainment in *The Sins of New York, As Exposed by the Police Gazette* (Stokes, $5). F. P. A. supplies the introduction for this dip into the gaieties of the 'Forties and 'Fifties and the 'Seventies and 'Eighties, and there are more than one hundred illustrations taken direct from the pages of Richard K. Fox's own journal, which every American boy of older generations must have read, blushingly, in some barber shop, even if he never dared buy a copy for his own private perusal. Mr. Van Every makes it clear enough that we really aren't so far advanced along the primrose path; styles in sins change, perhaps, but fundamentally they remain the same. While we are on the subject of books of this sort, *I'm Sorry I Have Offended, And Other Sob Ballads*, collected by Clarence H. Knapp (Putnam, $2), also deserves mention. There are introductions by both Frank Sullivan and Corey Ford, both slightly superfluous, since the songs are really funny enough without having their humor underlined, and there are highly amusing woodcuts by Donald Streeter. This is an important addition to current Americana; there is no telling what might be deduced about our changes in manners and morals by studying these ballads in

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comparison with the boop-oop-pe-doop songs of the moment.

### *A Dip Into Our Past*

THE books by Messrs. Van Every and Knapp can be given with safety only to persons with a sense of humor, while the Mark Sullivan book is likely enough for anyone. And if you happen to know a serious-minded American who is interested in the civilizations that have flourished and died on this continent, the most promising book for him is *Ancient Life in the American Southwest* by Edgar L. Hewitt (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), with many handsome illustrations. This is about as far away from the usual dry-as-dust archæological study as anything that can be imagined. Dr. Hewitt treats these civilizations as if they were still alive, and is as much interested in the legends of the Hopis, Navajos, and other peoples as he is in the ruins of their villages. Before we have done with our digging in the Southwest, we shall probably have discovered that a state of civilization had been reached by more than one of these ancient tribes to make us blush when we look at our own — think of Hollywood, for example, in comparison with the Seven Cities of Cibola. . . . What a lot we have learned about our continent in the past twenty-five years and how infinitely more fascinating both North and South America have become because of the admirable work of archæologists and ethnologists! Dr. Hewitt deserves congratulations for a really splendid book, which is scholarly without losing any value as entertainment.

One other volume comes to mind with excellent possibilities as a holiday gift, and this is Paul Morand's *New York* (Holt, $2.50), which has fourteen striking illustrations by Joaquin Vaquero, a young Spanish painter and architect. M. Morand's book has been one of the outstanding successes of the year in Europe, having sold more than 200,000 copies in France alone, which is fully significant of the interest the city has for foreigners. Much of the interest of the book lies in the point of view, of course, and the highly travelled and keenly intelligent Frenchman has many shrewd comments to make, including the conclusion that in time New York may give place to Chicago. Written primarily for the French, *New York* should serve as a practical if somewhat informal guidebook to the city, a careful revision having been made to bring it as nearly down to date as is possible in any volume about a city that changes as rapidly as this one. M. Morand's critical attitude toward New York will probably please the millions of Americans who say they wouldn't live in it if they were given the City Hall for a private residence.

### *More Books About America*

SEVERAL of the books mentioned might have been classified under the familiar heading of Americana, material for which is never lacking. Indeed, the section of the Landscaper's library devoted to books about his own country threatens to crowd out other divisions, and there are several shelves — long shelves — crowded with nothing but books about the West, all published within the past four or five years. A recent addition to this general group, which

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is also filled with interesting literary reminiscences, is Hamlin Garland's *Roadside Meetings* (Macmillan, $3.50). Mr. Garland came to New York in 1884, and met William Dean Howells first of all; afterward he came to know just about everybody, and there are many tales in his book of Whitman, Kipling, Cable, Mark Twain, Riley, and scores of others. This is really an informal literary and cultural history of the period covered by its author's lifetime, excellent for reading and useful for reference.

Those of us who read Vernon Lee Parrington's two volumes on *Main Currents in American Thought* some three years ago have looked forward eagerly to the completion of the publication of this splendid work, and the third volume is now available. It is called *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America*, and covers the period between 1860 and 1920 (Harcourt, Brace, $4). Professor Parrington was not able to complete his task before his most untimely death, but the early part of the volume is finished, and the remainder is made up of notes which are quite as interesting and provocative as the earlier chapters. The first two volumes, it may be recalled, won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1928, and the committee has never made a better choice. The theme of the new volume is the industrialization of the United States under the leadership of the middle class, and the rise of a critical attitude toward that class. Some of the writers discussed are Dreiser, Lewis, Zona Gale, Anderson, and Cabell, and the comments are always interesting. If the Landscaper were asked to choose a work of this period likely to survive the test of time, *Main Currents in American Thought* would certainly be one of the first selections. It bears comparison easily with the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization;* one can not escape a feeling of sadness that its author had to die when his career was hardly begun. Men of his type can not be spared in any country, and least of all at the present time in our own.

## *A Study of the South*

ANOTHER book of importance to Americans is Howard W. Odum's *An American Epoch: Southern Portraiture in the National Picture* (Holt, $3.50), a study of the South in the first thirty years of the present century, and the result of ten years of research. Dr. Odum has attempted an original method for presenting his story in applying the peculiar technique of his two books about Black Ulysses, *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and *Wings on My Feet*, to sociological and historical material. This does not make for the easiest reading in the world, but anyone with patience will find that it does result in a curiously rounded and well-balanced picture of the South, by far the best that has been done up to the present time. It is a critical study, with some unsparing attacks upon certain evils, but the censure is prompted by affection; many of the pages glow with the warmth of the author's love for his section of the country. There is a complete bibliography and index, and after the book has been read, it will probably become a standard work of reference even in small private libraries.

An engaging contribution to the story of our country, which will

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serve as a guidebook for those who make pilgrimages to Mount Vernon is Marietta Minnegerode Andrews's *George Washington's Country* (Dutton, $3.75), a book in which Mrs. Andrews's well-known flair for interesting gossip is at its best. There are innumerable stories in the volume, and descriptions of many other famous homes in Virginia.

### *Brandes on Voltaire*

THE biography shelf seems especially rich just now, the offerings being both numerous and of high quality. Most tempting of all, perhaps, is a translation of Georg Brandes's *Voltaire* (Albert and Charles Boni: two volumes, $10), which for all its high price is the sort of book that ought not be missed. It is as much a study of the Eighteenth Century, which belongs forever to Voltaire, as it is of the man himself, a masterly analysis of the birth and growth of Rationalism, the greatest blessing — or curse — of our own age. The whole background of the period is painted in, and against it moves the slight figure of the Frenchman who turned the world upside down, or right side up, according to the way one looks at these matters.

Those who have sampled the splendid life of Jeb Stuart by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., which has been running in Scribner's, will be interested to know that it is now available in book form, and with excellent illustrations by the author. There is no more purely romantic figure in all American history than the Confederate cavalry leader, who was a personification of the old South, and Captain Thomason has done a portrait of him that is a notable addition to biography in this country. The book is published by Scribners at $5. It should find a large group of readers waiting for it; the Landscaper suspects that more than one person has wished for just such a book about General Stuart. He died at thirty-one, which added the last necessary touch to his flashing career, the ideal *beau sabreur*, and one of the last great cavalry leaders of a line that reaches all the way back into the early history of the race, or at least as far back as the use of horses in warfare. Captain Thomason has done the battles with complete understanding. Also available is a life of another Confederate cavalry leader, Nathan Bedford Forrest, who, if less romantic in appeal than the dashing and handsome Stuart, was as good a leader. This life is by an English officer, Captain E. W. Sheppard, who belonged to the Tank Division in the World War, and who has made a most comprehensive study of Forrest's campaigns and his remarkable tactics. English military men have never neglected Southern leaders, and it is interesting to know that the tradition continues, although there is little reason to believe that knowledge of the kind of warfare waged by Forrest will be of any use in the future. Captain Sheppard's book is published by the Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, and the price is the same as the Stuart volume.

### *Lives of Mrs. Eddy*

TWO new lives of Mary Baker Eddy are current, Fleta Campbell Springer's *According to the Flesh* (Coward-McCann, $3), and a more or less "official" study, *Mary Baker*

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*Eddy*, by Lyman P. Powell (Macmillan, $5). Of the two books, Mrs. Springer's is by far the better, although, if one may go on making comparisons, neither can hold a candle to Dakin's excellent biography of last year. Mrs. Springer's book is better in its earlier chapters, which are concerned with the childhood of the founder of Christian Science. Dr. Powell is, one hears, an Episcopalian clergyman who has been for years interested in mental healing, and who wrote about Mrs. Eddy a good while ago in a somewhat different tone from the present pæan. The trouble with his book, official or not, is that Mrs. Eddy appears a rather silly and tiresome prig, and this, one gathers, she was decidedly not. The impression grows upon this wholly disinterested observer that she was about as remarkable a woman as this country has produced, and this impression has nothing to do with the success of the movement she started. Sects rise and fall without any special relation to the truth of their teachings or the purity of motives of their founders. But as a personality, there must have been amazing things about Mrs. Eddy; one can not, even if one wished, escape a feeling of deep respect for her accomplishments. It is also undeniable that she founded a religion which has brought happiness to a good many thousands of people, and which has had its influence upon the practice of medicine generally. The more intelligent physicians of the day are respectful, at least, of the influence of the mind over the body. Of course the earliest physicians realized this connection, but there was a tendency at one time to substitute the charms of anæsthesia and asepsis for more subtle matters. . . . It is unfortunate, to get back to the Powell biography, that the church could not find a better book to give a leg up, but there is a curse on official biographies, and properly so. Perhaps it should be added that no one has informed the Landscaper of the official standing of the Powell book; he merely observed that there was a first printing of 50,000 copies in an extraordinarily dull season and made his own deductions. Mrs. Springer's book, it should be said in closing the subject, is written with a keen sense of humor, which does it no hurt.

## *Churchill's Early Years*

An autobiography of unusual interest is Winston Spencer Churchill's *A Roving Commission: My Early Life* (Scribners, $3.50). This covers the first thirty-five years of the career of an extraordinary man who has managed to keep in the thick of things since boyhood, and who writes well. He has done a bit of history here that many people will find highly interesting. Another recent autobiography of English origin is *Retrospect* by Lord Balfour, which carries the subtitle *An Unfinished Autobiography* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), and which covers the years between 1848 and 1886. Lord Balfour's relations with Salisbury, Gladstone, Disraeli, and other worthies of the period are told. Then there is *Mr. Lloyd George: A Study*, by Sir Charles Mallett (Dutton, $3.50), which puts the character of the Liberal leader under the microscope, and which will help some people to understand a curiously baffling personality.

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Another recent American autobiography that is history as well is *The Reminiscences of a Marine*, by Major General John A. LeJeune (Dorrance, $4). The author was commandant of the Marine Corps from 1920 to 1929, and actually saw some forty-one years of travelling and fighting before he retired to the relative security of a position as superintendent of Virginia Military Institute. He was an Acadian by birth.

Among the more or less miscellaneous biographies that have recently engaged the attention of the Landscaper are studies of *Albert Einstein* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50) by Anton Reiser, who is one of Einstein's closest friends; and another life of Byron, *The Passionate Rebel*, by Kasimir Edschmid, also published by the Bonis, the price being $3. This is a novelized biography, the principal emphasis being upon Byron's love for his half-sister, of which much is made. Edschmid is well known as an Expressionist in Germany, and there are striking passages in his book, although he is working with thoroughly shop-worn material. The tireless Hilaire Belloc has added a study of *Wolsey* (Lippincott, $5) to his long list, and while the book is informed with the prejudices of its author, it is good reading, and a really excellent picture of Tudor England. Recently added to the Bourbon Classics, published by Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, is a new edition of *The Memoirs of Marmontel*, in a translation by Brigit Patmore, with St. Beuve's essay on Marmontel included. Marmontel, it may be recalled, was a protégé of Voltaire, and a close friend of Mme. de Pompadour. His memoirs are among the brightest chronicles of the period, and they are now presented very attractively.

## *Plenty of Novels, Too*

PERHAPS there is a little less of interest in the way of fiction just now than there was during the early weeks of the autumn, but there is not exactly a dearth of good novels. Francis Brett Young's long book, *The Redlands*, the Landscaper has barely seen, but it has had fine reviews in England and Mr. Young is usually safe, although there has been some variation in the quality of his fiction. At least he may be counted upon to write well and with intelligence; there has never been anything meretricious about his poorest books. This is not Mr. Young's first long novel — ordinarily it might have been expected to appear in two volumes — but it seems to be further evidence of a return in England, at least, to a suggestion of the triple-decker. This is a wholesome tendency, for there has been too much of a swing in the other direction; too many slightly long short stories masquerading as novels.

Readers who have followed the work of an English novelist who has preserved her anonymity with amazing stubbornness and success will be interested in *The Longer Day* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). It is by the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*, and a number of other quite extraordinary books, and to the Landscaper is the richest and fullest of the lot. Primarily it is a long character study of the unusual woman, Brenda, who labored under the strange delusion that life would be far easier for every one if it were lived as if no one had

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lived it before. Brendas are highly upsetting to an orderly world, and this one was born into the Victorian period. The background of the book is literary England under the good Queen, and it is beautifully executed, with many sly and cunning hits. The book is an exploration into the psychology of many people, and its symbolism may trouble those who wish all meaning to be on the surface; but even these will appreciate the subtle and very feminine malice of much of the story. It is told in the first person, and moves slowly, rising, however, to swift climaxes, with thunderous clashes of personalities.

*Short Stories*

Lovers of short stories will find plenty of reading in the two annual collections, Edward J. O'Brien's *The Best Short Stories of 1930* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), in which many tales from the experimental magazines appear, and which includes Manual Komroff's *A Red Coat for the Night* from *The Yale Review*, a fine piece of work by the author of *Coronet;* and the *O. Henry Prize Stories* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The Landscaper had the pleasure of acting as one of the judges in the O. Henry contest, and his candidate for the first prize was beaten, but by a worthy competitor. He is still of the opinion that William March's *The Little Wife* is a corking short story; it may be read in the O. Henry volume. W. R. Burnett's gangster story, which won first prize, is also excellent. Whatever else the gangsters have done to this country of ours, they have been a godsend to several of our writing men. Then there is a collection of *The Short Stories of Saki* by H. H. Munro, published by the Viking Press at $3, with an introduction by Christopher Morley, which contains about as much entertainment as one is likely to find between the covers of a book this season, or next season, either, for that matter. And a new edition of Ernest Hemingway's first book of short stories, *In Our Time* — first book, in fact — which was praised to the skies at the time by all and sundry, including the Landscaper, but which sold in very small quantities. Edmund Wilson has written the Introduction and Scribners are the publishers. Some of the best work Mr. Hemingway has ever done is to be found in this collection; none of his admirers should miss it. In the early days one would have said that he was so much at home in the short story he probably would never develop into a novelist, and one would have been wrong, as is so often the case.

There is also a collection of short stories by Edith Wharton called *Certain People* (Appleton, $2), which contains six tales, all of them admirably done, and one of them *A Bottle of Perrier*, which the Landscaper read a matter of four years ago in a third class Spanish railway carriage, a horror story of the first order. Mrs. Wharton's craft never fails her. And, too, there is *On Forsyte 'Change* by John Galsworthy, a collection of tales about various members of the Forsyte clan, nineteen in number. Devoted followers of the Forsyte Saga will want to read them all, but, one hopes, not too critically. They are, on the whole, as far inferior to the earlier short stories of Galsworthy as the second volume of the Forsyte Saga is to the first.

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